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A PICTURE OF HORROR.

THERE IS SOMETHING AT THE SEASIDE THIS SEASON WORSE THAN SHARKS. IT IS THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH HIS TRIPOD AND CAMERA,

Texas Siftings.

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Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

A low dive—McGinty's.

AN arm of the sea—a Parrott gun.

FORGONE all custom of ex'cise—a retired excise commissioner.

"COME in to your muffins," is a roll-call that all soldiers like.

WHEN an Arab fails to make a raise anywhere else, he can "strike" his tent.

ACTORS, draughtsmen, dentists and mustard plasters ought to be able to draw well.

THE atmosphere at the summit of Pike's Peak is so rare that it is difficult to live up to it.

WHEN the curs of society run barking after a great man, it is only another proof that he is on horseback.

WHEN a novice attempts to catch a ball hurled by a professional pitcher, he takes his life in his own hands.

"A MAN cannot afford to make a fool of himself." But consider how reckless of expense some people are.

A VIRTUOUS man is ever in unison with nature's works, but he feels mightily out of place in some society.

A CHICAGO doctor says railroad conductors are liable to an affection of the spinal cord. Doesn't he mean bell cord?

AMMIDOWN is a man's given name, suggestive of an interrogation point, and the proper response frequently is, "I am."

THERE is a Baptist clergyman in Texas whom they call the Great Dipper, because he officiates at so many emersions.

LONDON policemen threaten to strike. New York's finest do much more than threaten, as soreheads can daily testify.

A MAN who made an unsuccessful attempt to be appointed "notar republic," says he will accept now the office of "persecuting a tourney."

Boys should be seen and not heard, says the adage, but when they are whistling buoys they should be heard whether they are seen or not.

KENTUCKY raises more fast horses than any other State. England's drum beat is heard around the world, but Kentucky's hoof beat gets there, too.

KILGORE, of Texas, wanted to strike out the appropriation for seeds, the other day, but failed. If all the old seeds in Congress were stricken out, a new congressional election would have to be ordered.

MURAT HALSTEAD has been made a LL.D by an Ohio college. The Field Marshal raised 'LL in Ohio politics last fall, and he was pretty thoroughly D—D by some of the losers in consequence.

SUGAR.

Very ancient races were acquainted with sugar, but it was chiefly in the cane. They knew no art by which it could be crystallized, so that the table waiter might come along and ask, "How many lumps in your coffee, sir?" They chewed the cane to extract its sweets; and the habit some men have of sucking the handles of their walking-canes is doubtless a survival of those early days. The word sugar is derived from the Arabic shuker, and it is mentioned as something rather odd that the Hebrew word for being intoxicated is shauer, though it isn't singular at all when we consider how many men take sugar in theirs. When it first came into use sugar was largely employed for medicinal purposes, and it is medicine now to men who love to take their liquor clear. Europe was indebted to the Saracens for the manufacture of sugar. They were not very refined, but their sugar was. It was not until the fourteenth century that sugar was known in England, and it did not become an article of general consumption for three hundred years. Now the greatest consumers of sugar are the people of the United States, due, in a degree, to their habit of giving taffy, and the necessity of employing it in order to carry an election.

OVERLOOKED BY THE CENSUS TAKER.

The man who has been overlooked by the census taker is turning up all over the country. He considers it an outrage, and writes to the editor about it. He wants to know if we are living under an enlightened government or are simply groveling in Congo ignorance. Sometimes he prints a card over his own name, giving his street and number, "where I may be found by anyone," he adds sarcastically, "unless he be a census enumerator, who seems to be unable to find anyone."



A WILLFUL MISCONSTRUCTION.

REV. MR. PETERS (sternly eyeing evidences of unchristian weakness)—I'se afeard, Mistah Cole, dat you has been leavin' de narrer path an' follerin aftah Satan. In udder wuds, you has been backslidin,' Brudder Cole.

BRUDDER COLE—'Deed! Mistah Petahs, I done hab ter leab de narrer path fer ter get ter de roost, and de chicken, he did act like de debil when I took aftah him. But I couldn't backslide, 'deed I couldn't, kase I had anudder chicken in dat pocket.

He is the one, likely as not, who remonstrated loudest against the "inquisitorial features" of the new census, threatening to die rather than reply to the odious questions, authorized by the census bureau. But the enumerator missed him, and now he is mad because he didn't have an opportunity to tell about his physical disorders, and explain how he came to have a mortgage on his house instead of a mansard roof. Whole cities are indignant, too, and their newspapers print long editorials teeming with angry remonstrance, and columns of names of citizens who have been overlooked by the census taker. Why, we had a greater population than that ten years ago, cries Kansas City, and St. Louis wants to know what encouragement there is for a city to attain a phenomenal growth in this country if they cannot be properly represented on the census rolls. But it will all be made right finally.

METHOD is the hinge of business, and punctuality keeps the hinge oiled.

EDUCATE THE GIRLS.

"Educate the girls," says an exchange, "and the boys will soon be there." They will, indeed, if the girls are tolerably good looking. And they won't wait until the course of instruction is fully completed, either. I have known a young man to get more than half through with his courting before he thought to ask his girl whether she had any education or not. So it won't do to depend too much on such maxims as the above; they are apt to mislead. Should the father of an attractive daughter defer her education, thinking that the boys would keep away in consequence, he would find that he had made a mistake. They will come just as readily as they would were she a whole female seminary of learning. Then, on the other hand, if you push the education of a homely, disagreeable girl with the utmost diligence, will the boys "be there?" Not much they won't. They will go around the corner and sit up with the pretty girl who never saw the inside of a school house in her life. This is perhaps wrong, but it is the way the world goes with the young and thoughtless. When Adam was courting the fair Eve, did he inquire what seminary she graduated from? Did he examine her in arithmetic, English grammar, logic, geography and the use of the globes? Of course he didn't. He didn't care a cent whether she knew beans or not. She wasn't educated, and yet Adam was there, Eli. Education is a very good thing for girls to have, but you can't bank on it altogether in winning husbands.

CRANKS AND BAD EXAMPLES.

Temperance and Sunday observance suffer from the cranks who seem to think they have these institutions in their special keeping. One of them reads that the President has been observed dining with a glass of wine standing near his plate, and he immediately writes a letter reproving him for setting so bad an example to "our youth." Another hears that some prominent individual was seen promenading Sunday afternoon, and he asks him if he realizes the grave responsibility he assumes in openly defying christian sentiment. The Duke of Connaught visited Niagara Falls on Sunday, and a Canadian divine denounced his conduct from the pulpit. He considered it a sad profanation of the Lord's day, and a very bad example. This clergyman probably wonders why the Lord permits water to run over the Falls on Sunday, and he would stop it if he could, no doubt. He wouldn't allow the sun to shine on that day, only just long enough for the people to go to church, for fear that somebody doomed

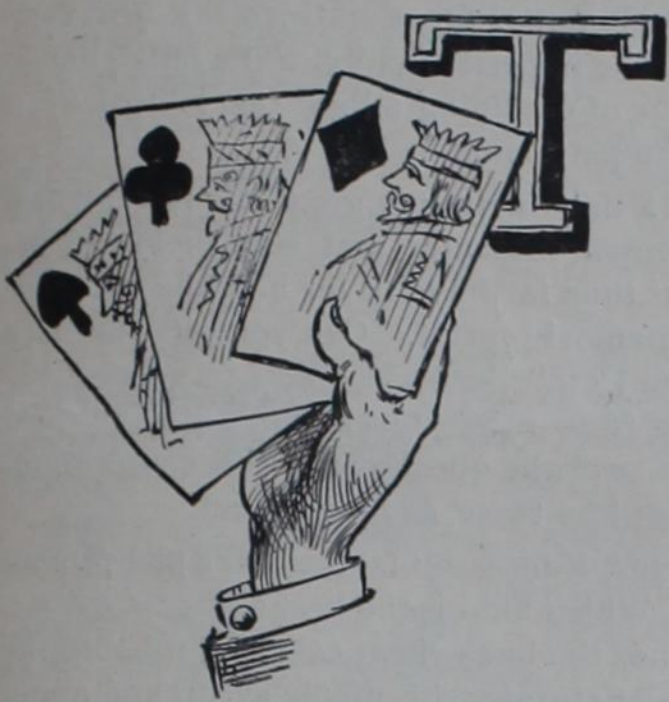
to be cooped up indoors most of the time, might get out in the sunlight and enjoy it. What a wretched world this would be to live in, could these cranks have their own way in running the universe.

PROTECTING HIS MOTHER.

There is a growing disposition on the part of boys not to stand idly by and see their mother maltreated and abused by a brutal father. One of the latter sort, whose residence is in Elmira, N. Y., was indulging his accustomed recreation of chasing his wife around the house, threatening to annihilate her, when his sixteen-year-old son appeared upon the scene with a cheap revolver and put an end to this unseemly conduct by shooting his father. Of course the boy was arrested, pending an examination into the case. It is a fine question, how far a son should go in protecting his mother under such circumstances, but there have been cases when he hasn't shot soon enough.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE. FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART XXXVI.



HERE were three powerful sovereigns in Europe in the first half of the sixteenth century, viz: Francis I. of France, Charles V., Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, and Henry VIII., King of England. I gave you some account of Francis

in the preceding number. Charles V.—Charles Quint, history calls him—who vigorously opposed the operations of Francis in Italy, was a son of Philip, archduke of Austria, and his mother was a daughter of Ferdinand and Isabel of Spain, so he united the two crowns on the death of Ferdinand in 1516. Henry VIII. was the royal Bringham Young of England, with a penchant for accumulating wives, though unlike the more merciful Bringham, he cut their heads off when he grew tired of them.

Francis tried hard to secure Charles Quint as an ally. He invited him to Paris, and gave sumptuous and costly entertainments in his honor. You can see a painting in the gallery of the Louvre, representing Francis I. showing Charles the tombs and monuments of French kings in St. Denis. Francis is all politeness to the stern monarch, and in a spirit of gay badinage seems to be expressing the pleasure it would afford him some day to grant him a tomb at St. Denis, if he thought the climate would agree with him. Charles Quint could never see a joke, but in a group of men in the gallery was one who could, Rabelias, the great humorous writer, who is evidently laughing at the King's remark.

Charles and Francis made a treaty together, but it was soon broken. The latter saw that the vast power concentrated in the hands of his rival was a constant menace to France. Both kings schemed to secure the friendship and alliance of the King of England. Here Francis was forestalled by the wily Charles. He went to England without awaiting the formality of an invitation, and held confidential interviews with Henry and his minister, Woolsey. The latter aspired to the papal chair, and Charles pretended to favor his ambition in order to win him over. He was a slick one, Charles was.

Chagrined at being forestalled by Charles, the French king invited Henry VIII. to come across the Channel to attend a sort of Mardi Gras entertainment he had gotten up in his honor, which he called "Field of the Cloth of Gold"—*Camp du Drap d'Or* in French. It was so costly and magnificent that it is talked about to this day. Neither the New Orleans nor Memphis *Mardi Gras* ever equaled it, and I don't believe that the celebration at Ogden, in Utah, on the Fourth of July, came within a gun's shot of it.

The Field of the Cloth of Gold was located in Flanders, near the town of Guines, and the event took place in 1520, just a hundred years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, by the way, whose simplicity of manners and attire was in such sharp contrast to the magnificent affair here recorded.

According to the annals of the day, Europe never saw another display more splendid than this one. Some of the aristocracy of England and France sold their castles and lands and almost ruined themselves financially in trying to surpass each other in the costliness of their outfit. This was so well known that when they rode by in solemn pomp *en route* to the Field, the common people jeered, and said they couldn't move faster on account of the weight of the chateaux and forests and lands and farming implements they carried on their shoulders. The poor have always had some way of "getting back" at their richer neighbors.

Henry VIII. came over from England, accompanied by his queen, Catherine, who was the youngest daughter of Ferdinand and Isabel of Spain, and mother of "Bloody Mary." This was Henry's first wife, whom he divorced in order to marry Ann Boleyn. He suddenly remembered that Catherine was the widow of his brother Arthur, and it distressed his conscience, he

said. But his conscience didn't seem to hurt him any when he sent two subsequent queens to the block.

The carnival lasted a month, and great were the rejoicings and festivities. There were jousts and tournaments until you couldn't rest, theatres and circuses were running day and night, and there wasn't an afternoon without a dog fight or a horse race. A favorite diversion of Henry and Francis was to wrestle together, and although the latter could easily have thrown the beefy English King over his head, politeness to a guest wouldn't let him do it, and Henry always came out on top. When the parting hour at length arrived the two monarchs embraced warmly and swore eternal friendship. Then both went home and immediately prepared for war, and hostilities broke out the following year. At about the same time Francis found himself involved in a war with Emperor Charles.

It is hardly necessary in this work to follow all the changing fortunes of war that happened to Francis I. He had a powerful and bitter enemy to contend with in the Constable of Bourbon, who turned against his native country because Francis had confiscated his lands. The French, endeavoring to regain Milan, met with a disastrous defeat in front of Pavia, which they had besieged, at the hands of the Spaniards, aided by the forces of de Bourbon—and I may add that Bourbon had a good deal to do with fighting the battles of the Rebellion in our own country. Francis was taken prisoner

having ner cousin (?) in the kitchen if she does condescend to stay at home, etc. Not unfrequently in return for all this, and liberal wages besides, she has not got the capacity to know how to boil water.

SHE PUT NERVE INTO HIM.

Young Diffident (who has been courting a girl for two years without getting up the nerve to propose)—Did you read about those Seminary girls in Massachusetts who were made sick by "nerve-training," Amanda?

Amanda—Yes, I read about it.

Diffident—What a foolish thing that was.

Amanda (in a discouraged tone)—I don't know about it. I think it would be a good thing if you would enter into a course of nerve-training yourself. You seem to need it.

[Diffident went home pondering over her remarks, and the next evening he proposed and was accepted.]

MET HIS MATCH.

A fellow thinking to appear smart, entered a notion store on Sixth avenue the other day, and said to one of the salesdadies, "Ever have any call for husbands here?"

"Oh, yes, occasionally. Are you looking for a market?"



Henry and Francis Wrestle.

at Pavia and carried off to Madrid, where he was imprisoned for more than a year. He was released on signing a humiliating treaty, which he of course broke the first opportunity.

A war of eight years' duration followed, at the termination of which Francis found himself deprived of all his rights in Italy, which from that day until the time of Napoleon I. was subject to the dominating influence of Austria. Francis died in 1547, three months after the demise of his fat friend, Henry VIII., having reigned thirty-two years. The efforts that he made in behalf of the renaissance gave him the title of "the Father of Letters and the Arts."

SERVANTS.

It is, of course, very pleasant to have several servants, but, as with everything else, there are drawbacks.

In the first place, the only real reliable, faithful servant is the stage servant one sees in English plays. He is usually of the male persuasion, for—come to think of it—he couldn't be anything else. There is something touching in the devotion of the old family servant not only to "the old Squire," but also to his ox, and his ass and everything that is his, including the scapegrace son.

It is a great pity that this dear old creature exists only on the stage. In real life he has long been extinct, even over in England. Of course he could not exist in this country, where independence, not to say brazen impudence, is inhaled with the atmosphere.

As for the female servant, it is the almost universal opinion that she is an expensive yet indispensable nuisance. Their wants are excessively humorous, and if not checked at the start will soon include meals with the family, the use of piano and family doctor gratis, permission to go out every evening, the privilege of

"Yes," said Smarty.

"All right. Step right up on the ten-cent counter."

The man who complains that he "hasn't any show in this world," ought to see some of the circus companies limping home in the fall.



AT SARATOGA.

FIRST BROKER—Pretty lively watering place this, isn't it?

SECOND BROKER—Yaas, but it can't hold a candle as a watering place to Jay Gould's office in New York.

THE LITTLE SIDE DOOR.



few, and that more than one half the men in the city drink at the public bars with more or less frequency and regularity. This majority of the voters are not bad, dangerous characters, given over to vice and idleness. Whether wisely or not, they use alcohol as a stimulant, either for their pleasure or because they think it benefits them. They are good citizens, the most of them. They pay taxes and attend to business.

There are probably not one half of the voters of the city who believe in a strict observance of the Sabbath, but the law forbids the sale of liquor on Sunday, and imposes severe penalties on the saloon-keeper who serves a customer in defiance of this prohibition.

The working together of these few facts, which are moderately stated, has produced a lamentably disgraceful condition of affairs. Public sentiment is not sufficiently strong either to enforce or over-ride the law, and the world at large is therefore treated to a continual and most melancholy farce. Public-spirited citizens who would readily risk their lives to maintain the law as a general proposition, do not hesitate to show their contempt for a statute or series of statutes which forbid them to do a thing which they consider proper, and which they think they have a right to do. They are not numerous enough, or, perhaps, bold enough, to secure the repeal of the law, and they therefore break it systematically and deliberately.

This fantastic and made-to-be-broken law condemns a transaction to which there must be two parties, and punishes only one of the two. That one, moreover, is the one who does the least wrong, assuming that wrong is done. He is the seller. Now the liquor is harmless until it has been swallowed. The man who swallows it does the mischief if any be done, but so far as I know no law was ever passed to punish a man for drinking a glass of beer or whisky. The most fanatical prohibitionist has not even hoped to go so far as that.

The police of New York, and our minor criminal judges—the police justices—are, practical, level-headed men, who realize the ridiculousness of trying to enforce a law which a majority of the voters break contemptuously without incurring any penalty, and they therefore wink at the sneaking, hypocritical devices which cloak without disguising the scorn of the community for this law. So long as an outward respect is paid to the form of law and order, few offenders are troubled by arrest, and hardly any are punished.

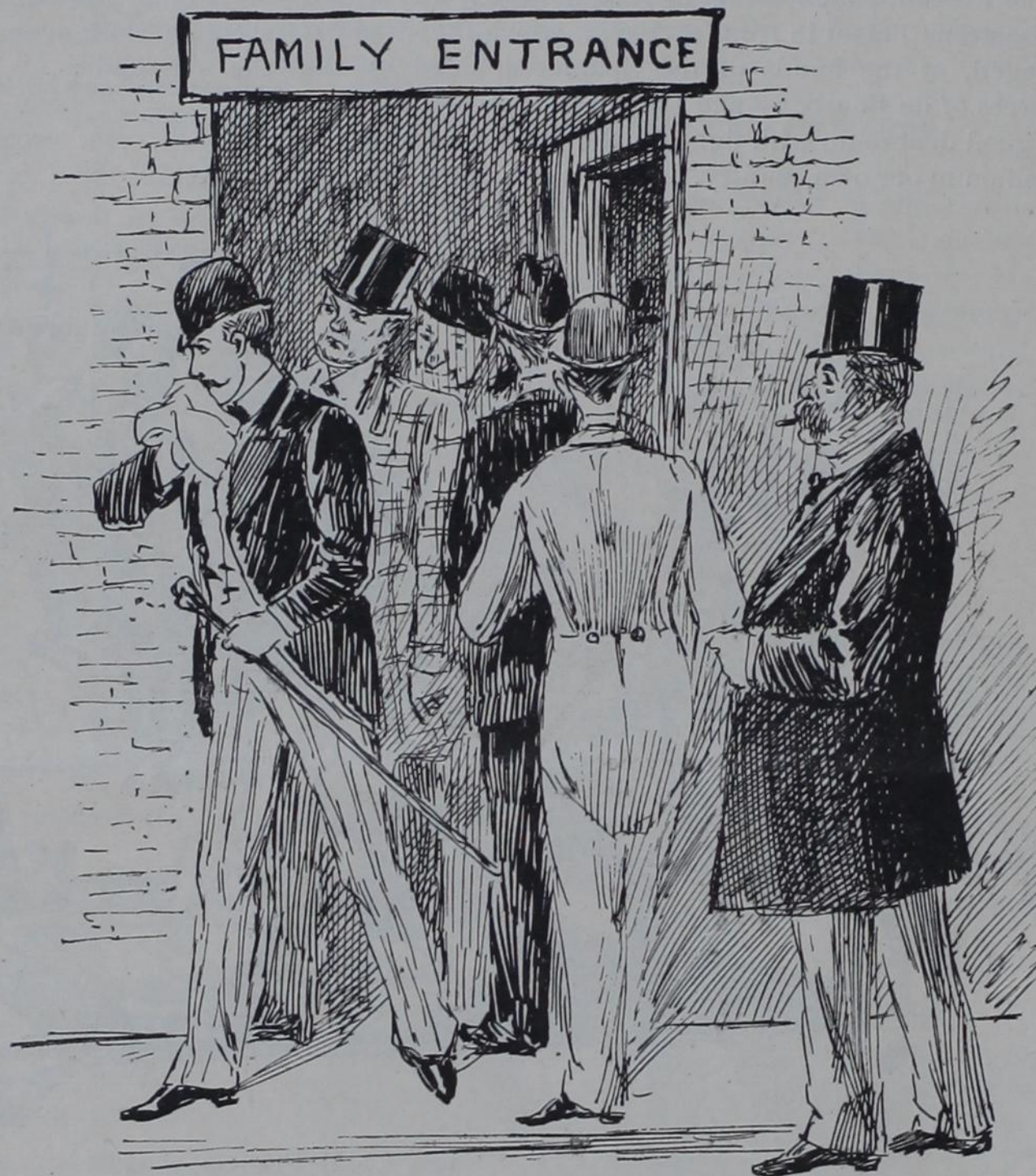
So it comes about that "the little side door" has become a recognized institution in New York. The man who wakes up on Sunday morning with an imperial purple taste in his mouth, and a breath like the wrath of high heaven, goes to the saloon for his cocktail with the full assurance of getting it as usual if he has the needful dime. The frugal citizen who drinks beer instead of wine with his meals because it is better and cheaper, goes with his pitcher or his tin pail to the same saloon with calm confidence, and is served as usual.

The law requires that the saloon shall be closed on

Sunday. Well, so it is. The door is closed and locked. The shades are drawn down. A stranger in the city would not suppose he could get a drink there, but he can. There is a rear entrance through a door at the side, and a little hallway, and the side door is either unlocked or tended by a sentinel who will unlock it for him, and inside the barkeeper is on duty exactly as if there were no law forbidding it.

It may, and really does, seem unnatural that a man of any personal pride should sneak around to a side door to enter a place which he is forbidden to enter by the front door. This concession, however, to a law which the average citizen refuses to obey, is made by the entire community. It has grown into a custom, and now to go into a saloon in this fashion is generally regarded as no more objectionable than to enter it boldly in the regular way on a week day. All day long, and all the evening, the usual procession comes and goes, and the hard-earned dollars of the community continue to drop—in fractions—into the till of the publican.

It is true that occasional spasms of virtue attack the



All day, the usual procession comes and goes.

community. Macaulay, I believe it was, who remarked that the British people were subject to "periodic fits of chastity." New Yorkers take their temperance in the same way, usually about the time an investigating committee comes down from Albany to satisfy the rural legislators there of the total incapacity of New York City to govern itself properly. Then the police notify their good friends, the saloon-keepers, that they must really cease business on Saturday, because arrest will certainly follow an infraction of the law.

It is then that humbug and shenanigan run riot, and the community is really disgraced. The little side door is kept locked. There is no entrance left open, and the public is really supposed to remain thirsty from Saturday night till Monday morning.

Inside the saloon, however, the barkeeper is still busy. The sober citizen who wants his beer for dinner may not have it, for he will not be allowed to carry it home. The wayfaring man who seldom drinks, but who may feel that he needs some stimulant at the moment may not have it, for he is not known to the vigilant scout outside, and will not be admitted. The regular drinker, however, who is well known at the bar, will get in as usual, provided he will dodge the policeman at the corner, and so obtain in a cowardly, underhanded way, the drink that he believes he has a perfect right to have.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

IN REMEMBRANCE.

Jones—Your wife has been dead several years, has she not?

Smith—Yes, more than three years.

Then why do you keep on wearing crape on your hat?

So that I will remember that the never-to-be-forgotten one has passed away.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

Student—"What is the meaning of the family name of the reigning house of Germany?"

The family name of the German emperor is Hohenzollern, which, translated, means "high taxes." This is no meaningless name, for the Germans are very heavily taxed by the imperial family. The only chance the Germans have of obtaining a light tax is to levy a duty on American petroleum.

Americus—"I have written a great many contributions of a humorous character and sent them to New York papers, but thus far have never had the pleasure of reading my name in print. Can you give me any advice on this subject?"

If your object is to read your name in print, refuse point blank to answer the questions of the census enumerator, and kick him twice as he goes out.

J. W. P. Baxter, Kansas—"Is the liver pad promotive of health? Which kind is the best?"

In cold weather the buckwheat cake is probably the best liver pad. Saturate with maple syrup and apply inwardly.

Z., Kalamazoo—"In which section of the United States are the young ladies the most modest?"

This question is very difficult to answer. The young ladies at Vassar are accused of being so modest that they refuse to work on improper fractions. If this be true, they are probably entitled to the cake.

O. Z., Spokane Falls—"How many motions has our planet got, and how many has the moon?"

According to the best informed astronomers, the moon has only one motion, while the earth has two. Some persons who are not astronomers, but who, nevertheless, stay up all night, assert that both the earth and the moon have several hundred motions each. The prevailing opinion is that, except during an earthquake, the earth has only two motions.

Anxious, Harlem—"Why do the people of Newfoundland want to go to war?"

They do not want to go to war. They merely talk as if they did. The bone of contention is codfish, and they would soon thirst for peace if they went to war on codfish.

O. H., Hartford, Conn.—"Is the climate of Mexico very much different from that of the United States? Are the Mexicans friendly to Americans from the United States, and do they respect our flag?"

Mexico has her own weather reports, and they are as good as any manufactured in the United States.

In answer to your second question, it is probable that an enterprising agent might make money selling American flags for door mats, otherwise the country would be an Eldorado for American journalists, as a man can live and support a family on ten cents a day.



CLASSIC QUOTATION.

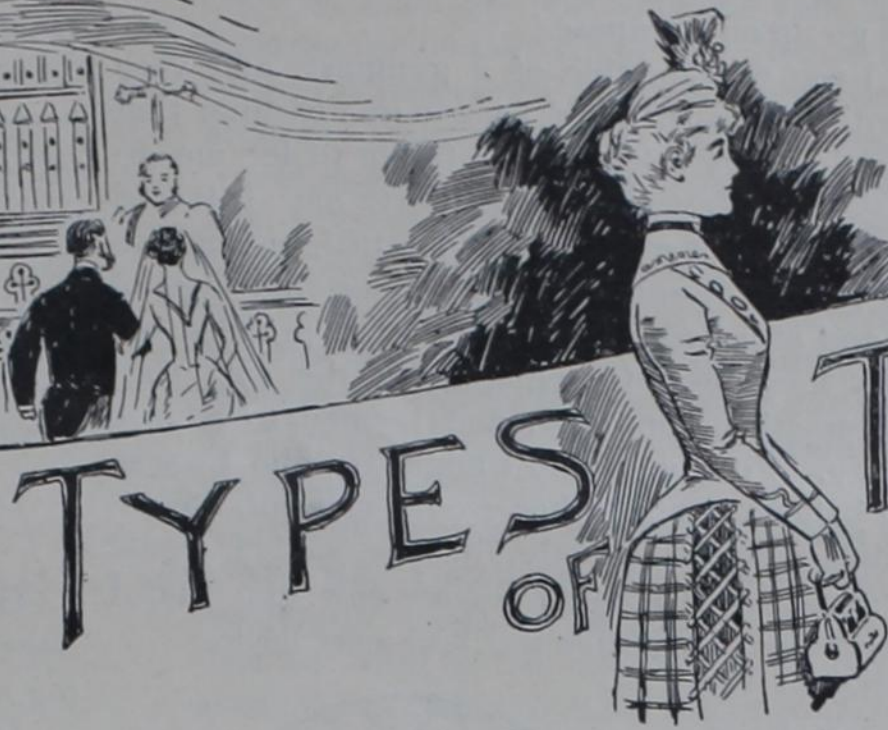
"How swift punishment follows after crime!"

—BYRON.



It is wonderful indeed how a pretty girl can lead
A fellow's thoughts from business every day;
How a face sublimely sweet, and a figure trim and neat
Can take a man's attention right away!

In the office where I work in capacity of clerk
And drive the quill from morning until night,
Where I often would recoil from my daily share of toil
And thnk my duties anything but light,



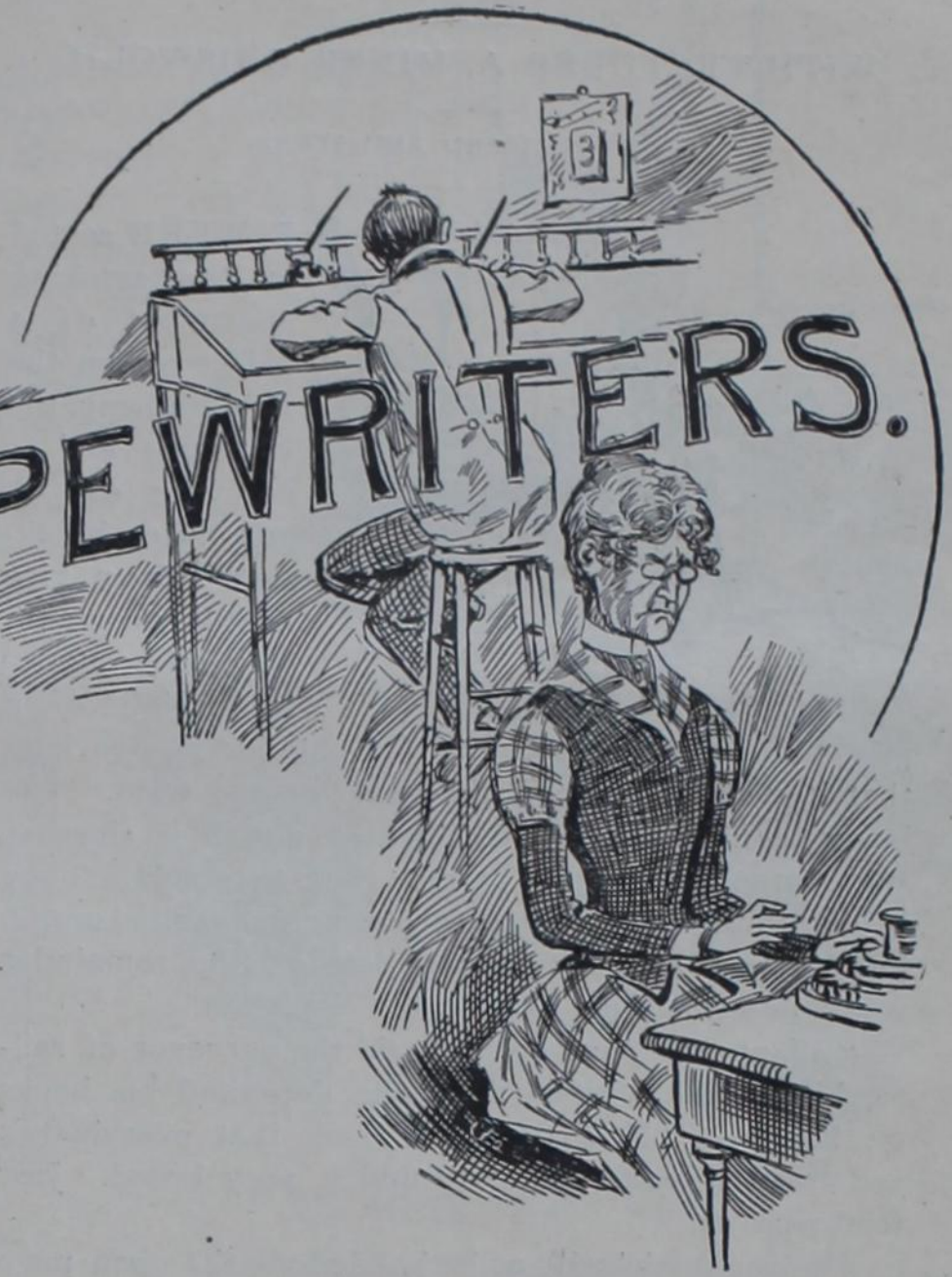
There came a girl divine in the spring of 'eighty-nine
To play upon the typewriter machine;
And each fellow in the place set to studying her face—
The sweetest sort of face that e'er was seen!

How the boss would beam and smile, as his letters she would file—
The susceptible cashier would hum a tune,
And we simple-minded fools, disregarding office rules,
Would gaze at her throughout the afternoon!

But imagine our dismay when the news went round one day
That the girl had just got married to the boss!
How we felt our spirits droop, just like schemers in the soup,
And for days we sat in mourning for our loss.

Yet the next bright Monday morn a new angel did adorn
The office, and soon banished gloom beyond,
Tho' the first was a brunette, yet we couldn't well regret
Her absence in the presence of this blonde.

She was winsome, sweet and fair, with a wealth of golden hair,
And a voice as full of music as a lute;
Everybody's work was stay'd while they chatted to that maid—
She was oft the cause of serious dispute.



With confusion we were dumb when one day she fail'd to come,
And the smart cashier was absent from his chair;
But great rage within us burned, when next morning he returned
As the husband of that typewriter so fair!

There's a lady named Therese now manipulates the keys,
She is ugly, gaunt, and ancient, and not clever,
And there ain't a single clerk who for her neglects his work.
So business now goes on as smooth as ever!

J. S. G.

SLEEP.

A

BRIEF DISCOURSE
BY THE REVEREND
WHANG-
DOODLE BAXTER
OF THE AUSTIN
BLUE LIGHT
TABERNACLE.

BERLUBBED
BREDDEREN AND
SISTERN:—One-
third ob our lives
are spent in
dreamin' de
happy hours
away in case we
has not partook-
en ob a heaby
supper ob cheese
and cowcum-
bers, clabber,
and sich heavy-



weight delicacies befoah retirin'.

Sleep am one ob de greatest boons bestowed on
man, but de properest place ter sleep am under yore
own vine and fig tree, and not in dese heah sacred pre-
cincts ob de Lawd.

Dar's dat Sam Johnsing in de Amen corner, wid his
mouf so wide open dat yer could frow a coffee mill
inter de conversashunal hole in his face. Will some ob
de deacons go ober dar and kick him on de shins ontill
he stops snorin'. Dat's right! Kick him ag'in! Ma-
tildy Snowball, you will be doin' de good Lawd a sar-
vice ef yer will take yer hat pin and jab hit inter dat
niggah whar he'll feel hit. Dat's hit. I knowed dat
would make de yaller-complected moke shut his mouf
and open his eyes.

Ef dar am one pertickeler brand ob obnoxshus nig-
gah what I despises, hit am de one what snores. De
snorin' niggah should hab seberal millstones tied around
his neck and he should be cast inter some place whar
de water am erbout two miles ober his head.

I don't mind much de dead lebel steady snore while
I is dispensin' wid de gospel troofs. I kin stand de
plain eberty-day reg'lar snore. I don't mind hit a bit.
Dat's de sort of music I makes mysef wid my nose
when I nebber does--'ceptin' when I can't he'p it.

But, berlubbed bredderen and sistern, and more
pertickerly youse what hab contracted de matrimonial

habit, youse mus' be aware dat dar am seberal ways of
disturbin' de nabors wid yer voice.

Dar's what we musicianers call de crescendo snore,
which goes away up yander higher and higher, like
one ob dese heah sky rockers or bums, and when de
snore gits so dat hit can't go no higher den hit 'splodes
sumfin' like a cannon cracker on de Fourf ob July.

Dat's de Sam Johnsing snore. Jab him ag'in, Ma-
tildy, wid yer hat pin. Jess sock it to him! Dat's hit!
Now he has woke up ag'in.

Den, dar am de onreliable snore, which makes out
dat hit's gwinter stop eberty minute, but which nebber
does, but keeps right on like de reporter at a free-lunch
counter. Dat's de kind ob snore I'se uster from Uncle
Mose. Hit's mighty aggravatin', but I kin stand it ef
he am away off yander near de dore.

Den dar's de squeaky snore what sounds like a
whistlin' pig. Dat's de Matildy Snowball snore, but I
shall not refer to Matildy sence she has done sich noble
work wid her hat pin in waking up Sam Johnsing, dat
monument ob de good nature or de laziness ob de fool-
killer.

I started out ter make some stately remarks on de
subjec' ob sleep, but de snorin' ob Sam Johnsing turned
my discourse.

"Downy sleep, deff's coming," ter use de langwidge
ob Spokeshire, one ob de great humorous writers ob de
day—sleep what knits up de rabeled sleebe ob care,
but lets de worn out seat ob poverty's pants take keer
ob hitssef—sleep, I say, am good for man and beast,
as kin be obsarved in de snooze what dat ole critter,
Uncle Mose, am enjoyin' right now. I don't mind
Uncle Mose snorin' but when a man eats inyuns and
snores in church hit's time for me ter quit preachin'.
Dat sort ob a man should go somewhares and start a
dessert. De quire will please sing:

O, de snore, de beautiful snore,

While de usual kerlection for de benefit ob de mission-
ary fund will be taken up.

SHE HAD OUTGROWN IT.

A lady who teaches a select school for girls, in look-
ing over the copy-book of little Fanny, aged eleven,
discovers an envelope addressed to that young lady.

"I hope, Fanny," said the teacher, holding up the
envelope, "that this does not contain a love-letter."

"Why, what an idea," replied Fanny; "I have
outgrown all that foolishness years and years ago."

CONSCIENCE is the lighthouse of the mind, but some
minds can only secure a very light house.

WHY HE SAVED HIM.

Two friends, one the agent of a life insurance com-
pany, and the other a drummer, are sitting in a tavern
playing cards. They get into a quarrel and become
very personal in their remarks. Finally the life insur-
ance agent jumps up, seizes the drummer by the
throat, and shaking him, says in a hoarse voice:

"You infernal scoundrel, if you were not insured in
my company I'd choke the life out of you."

ANARCHISTS BARRED.

A.—If the anarchists go to heaven they will not like
it there.

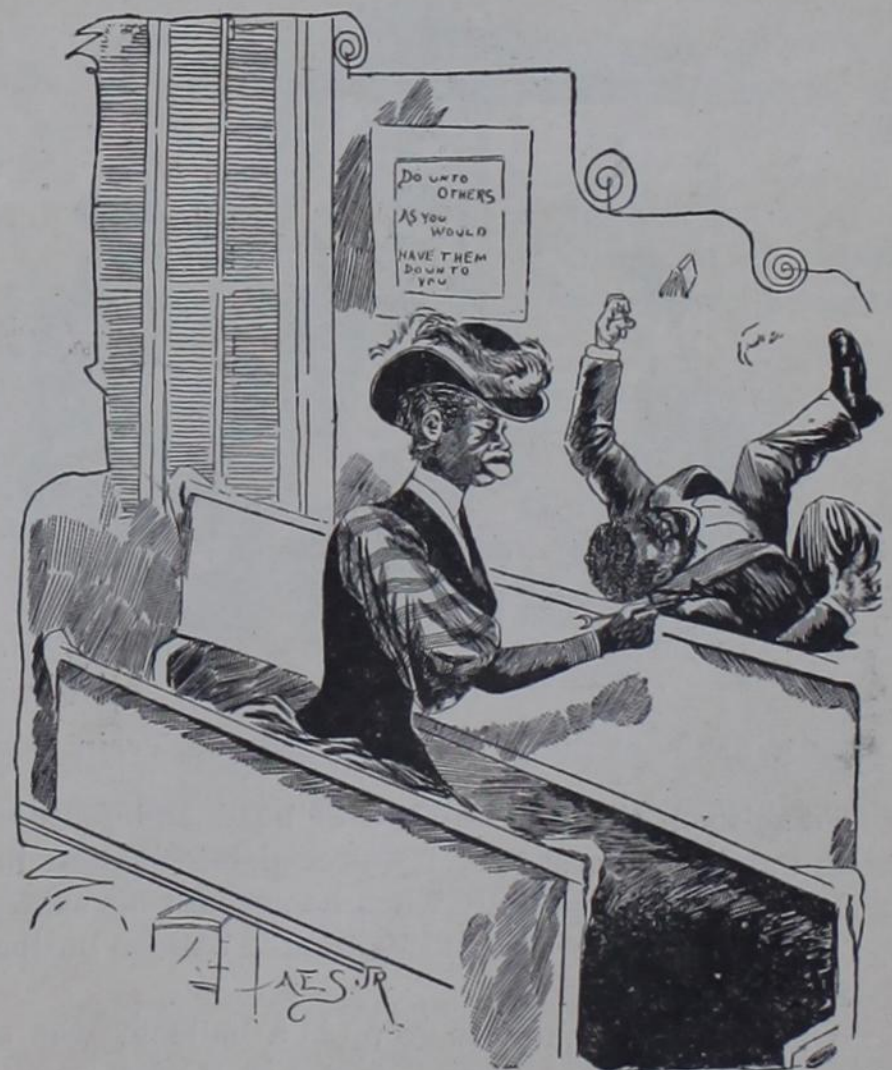
Q.—Why not?

A.—Talmage says that all the people who go to
heaven will delight in being busy.

A SURE SIGN.

Fond Mother—The dear little children seem to be
getting used to each other.

Father—O yes, they are getting to be just like
brothers. They mauled each other to-day for the first
time.

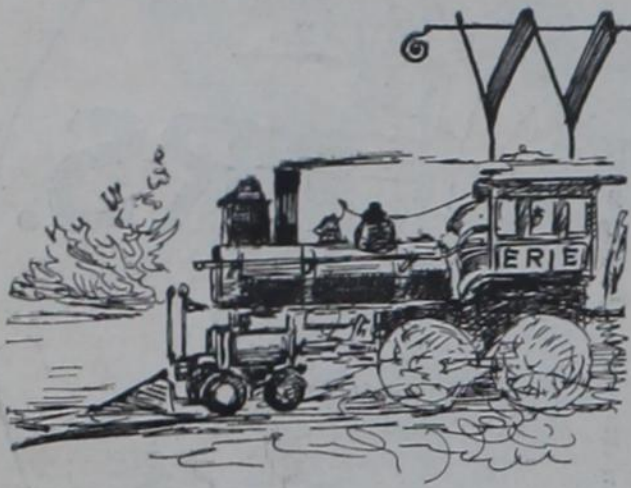


Maltilda jabs Johnsing with her hat pin.

"ROUND THE WORLD,"

WITH LECTURER A. MINER GRISWOLD.

THINGS HEARD AND SEEN.



WE WERE seated in the smoking apartment of a palace car on the Erie Railway, the Professor and I, enjoying our cigars after breakfast, when the newsboy came in, staggering under the weight of a

pile of loudly bound books. The binding was so loud that it nearly drowned the noise of the train. The books shouldn't be 'lowed, however, and it is singular that Anthony Comstock permits them to be sold. They belong to the class of literature sometimes called erotic, but if the e and the ic were left off the remainder would describe them exactly.

"Want something spicy?" said the purveyor of railroad literature, with a grin, as he deposited his books on the seat. "Now there's a book that everybody's jest crazy to read. You will find it very broad. Just read page 24."

He leered wickedly as he handed me the open page designated, which I observed had been soiled by many a thumb. The dirt corresponded very well with the filth of the printed page, however. He handed the Professor another volume, taking care to indicate the particular page which displayed the greatest amount of moral depravity.

"Do you know who wrote these books?" I asked.

"Oh, they are great authors—greatest in America. There is Alphonse Dowdette—"

"Daudet, you mean."

"Yes, and there is Zoly, and Pepperus."

"Isn't it Saltus?"

"Well, Saltus, or Pepperus, or something like that. You will find it peppery enough if you read it." Another sly grin. We declined to invest in his wares.

Time was when a very fair article of literature was peddled through a train, but it has given place to such vulgar trash as we were importuned to buy. These shallow imitations of the French novel are almost beneath contempt. When they are not grossly vulgar they are inanely stupid. It is a sorry commentary upon the taste and intelligence of the American people that they have such an extensive sale.

THE PROFESSOR.

The "Professor" to whom I have alluded is the young man who casts reflections on my lectures—projects pictures upon a screen from his lantern, hence called a projector. He is necessary in my business, and without such an aider and abettor—and a better projector I haven't known—the illustrated lecture would have to be abandoned in its present shape. I call this young man the "Professor," because he ranks higher than a mere projector—he is a balloonist, too. Although but twenty-three years old he has made over thirty successful balloon ascensions, and performed upon the trapeze each time. He is a mild-mannered



"Want something spicy?" asked the Train Boy."

young man, slight in build, with head and features of an intellectual cast, yet I detect determination in his face at times, especially when he asks for his salary.

"What induced you to go into the balloon business?" I asked him.

"I always wanted to go up in a balloon, was crazy for it when I was a boy," said the Professor. "Carl Meyers, the famous aeronaut, of Frankfort, N. Y., was

a friend of my father's. He used to come to our house when in New York, and I used to listen to his stories of adventure in the air. I asked him one day to let me go up in a balloon.

"Certainly," said he, sort of winking at father, 'you shall go up on a trapeze.'

"Now I was considerable of a gymnast, and very familiar with the trapeze, and I made up my mind that I would do that very thing. I got father to let me go up and visit Carl Meyers in Frankfort, and I teased him continually to let me try a balloon trip, but he put me off. I got a pole and fastened it along the ridge of the barn, and attached a trapeze to it to practice on. In that way I got used to swinging in the air. Carl caught me practicing one day, and seemed to admire my dexterity. Finally he said I might try the trapeze act with a balloon if my father would consent. Well, father didn't consent, exactly, but he said I would probably do as I was a mind to, anyhow, but that I mustn't hold him responsible if I broke my neck.

"I made my trial trip at Oswego Falls, N. Y., three years ago, when I was twenty years old. It was the first time that anyone ever did a trapeze act on his first balloon voyage. It was a balloon race, also, my rival being the famous female balloonist, Carlotta."

"What were your sensations?"

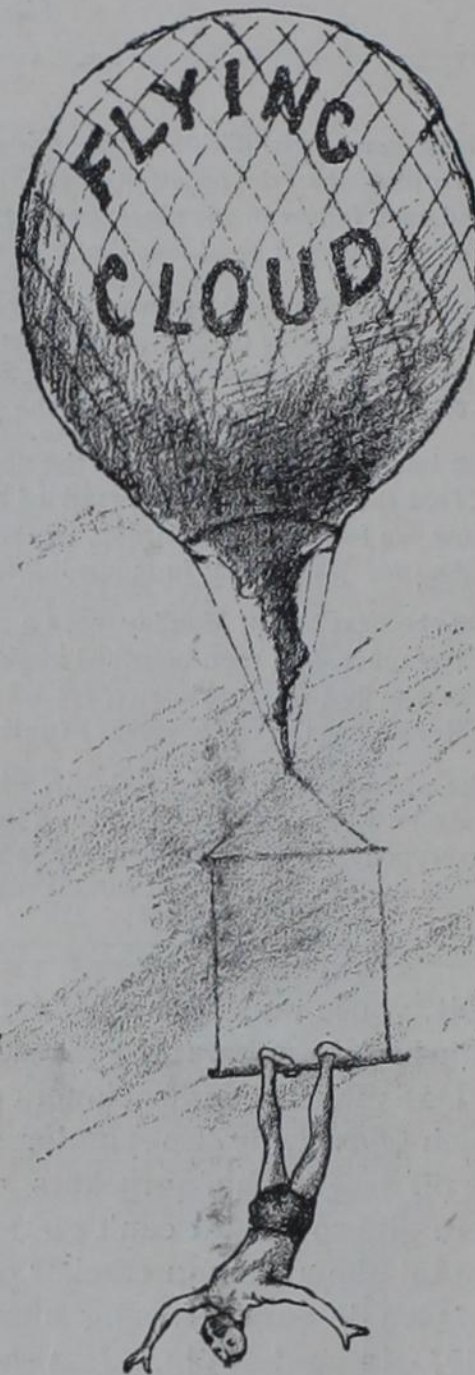
"Well, I wasn't much afraid. I went through my trapeze performance all right, hung on the bar by my feet, by one foot, by my neck, just as I had practiced on the pole fastened to the ridge of the barn. I went up three and three-fourth miles, because I didn't know any better. Never went so high after that. I got very numb, and breathing was painful. I beat Carlotta some two miles in altitude, went half a mile further and got down first."

"Did you land all right?"

"I landed in a swamp and sank above my waist in a quagmire. I followed a cow path out of the swamp and met Carlotta with some men coming after me."

"Had funny experiences, I suppose?"

"Once I made an ascent with 'The Flying Cloud,' a famous balloon that you may have heard of. When I came down I landed in a hollow. The anchor had caught on a stump. I was afraid it might tear loose, as the wind was tugging at the balloon, so I yelled for help. A fat woman ran down from a house on the ridge and caught hold of the rope. The anchor tore away, as I feared, and caught the fat woman by her bustle. She was dragged some distance, kicking, yelling and clawing at everything she could get hold of. There was a Flying Cloud of dust and woman's skirts. Fortunately, the wind lulled just then and I was able to secure the balloon and rescue the lady. I apologized the best I could, but she was mad as a hornet. She said I ought to be arrested for trailing an anchor along the ground that way, to catch people unawares. I gave her five dollars to buy a new dress and she was mollified."



The "Professor" hangs by his toes.

"What professional name did you sail under?"

"Leon Dare."

"You Dare do all that may become an aeronaut, I suppose."

"I understand; you quote from Macbeth. Well, Leon, Macduff."

WRITING ON THE CARS.

You may not think that this letter was written on a Pullman car, flying along on the Erie Railway at the rate of forty miles an hour or so, but it is a fact. The Erie is so smooth and the vestibuled train so steady that writing is achieved without difficulty. We left New York at 3 p. m. yesterday and will be in Chicago at 8:30 this evening. How is that for speed and comfort?

A. MINER GRISWOLD.

DON'T WORRY.

One of the worst habits to acquire, excepting, perhaps, that of smoking cigarettes, is the habit of worrying and fretting.

Don't fret. A fretting man or woman is the most disagreeable object in the world. A wasp is a comfortable housemate in comparison—it only stings when disturbed; but an habitual fretter buzzes, if he don't sting, with or without provocation.

In every community there will be found a large proportion of men, and women, too, who are constantly engaged in inventing troubles, and, as some writer says, it would be ludicrous if it were not profoundly pathetic to notice the perverse ingenuity with which many people pursue this business of tormenting themselves with imaginary sufferings.

The true remedy for worry of all kinds is work. If misfortune hits you hard, you hit something else hard. There is nothing like good, solid, absorbing, exhausting work to cure trouble.

There is no end to the complaints which we hear uttered against the hard fate, the numberless sorrows, to which the human race is exposed; but the man who works is not affected by them. Work is not a patent medicine, but it has proved its efficacy ever since Adam and Eve wiped their weeping eyes and settled down to hard work.

A SIGN OF LUCK.

Julius Smiff (recovering from the collision)—Wut's de number ob dat hack?

A Sympathizer—I suppose you want to prosecute the driver, don't you?

Julius Smiff—No, I wants ter play policy. De hack done killed my wife, ain't it?

A TRUE CHRISTIAN.

Ferguson—People accuse me of imbibing too much, but I defy them to say that I ever had any words with my wife's mother.

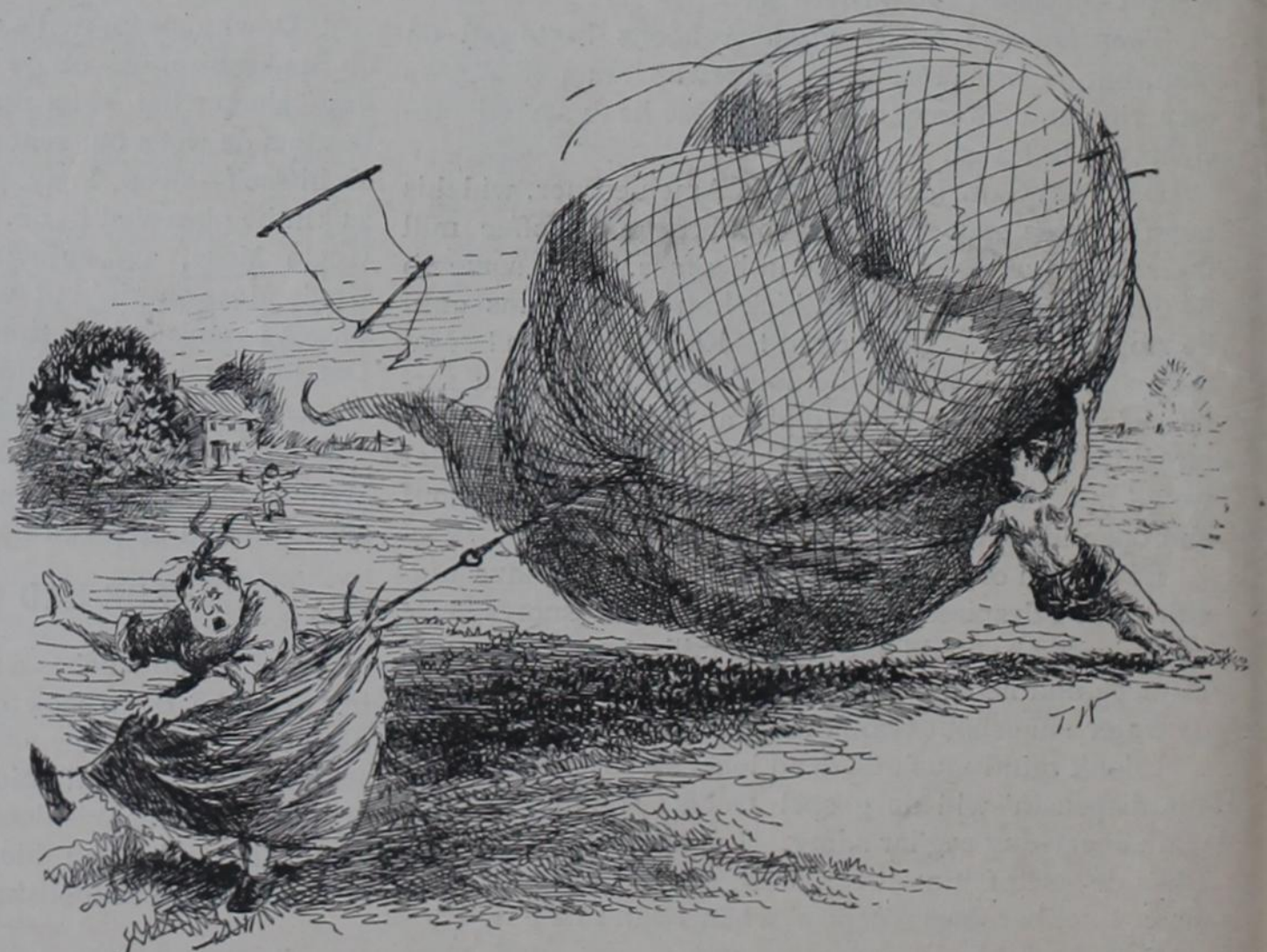
McCusick—Guess she don't live in the same house with you.

Ferguson—Yes she does, but she's dumb.

A REMEDY.

Smith—Say, Brown, you seem to be growing bald very rapidly. Why don't you try some remedy?

Brown—I am going to. I went and saw a divorce lawyer this morning.



The anchor caught the Fat Woman by the Bustle.

THE HOOFNAGEL LETTERS.

CENSUS COMPLICATIONS AT ST. LOUIS.

(Translated from the *Laterne* by A. E. S.)

MISHTER EDITOR:—On Monday morning I hears dot ven I goes dot Superintendent von der Census to, dot



very likely, mebbe, perhaps I gets a schob, because der vas some vacancies dose enumerators among. Von dose enumerators two already had gone grazzy, four more mit proken pones vas in der city hospital, and von enumerator had resigned, vitch last vas so strange as I had never before heard anydings like dot in all my political eggperiences.

I also hear dot two more enumerators vas missing. Dey vas vorking in dot Irish quarter, in dot Kerry Patch District. Dot Bolice, as is always de vay, had a "cloo," and also some "theories," but dot vas so far ash dey had got. If dose missing enumerators does not turn up to-morrer all dose ponds in dot district vill pe dragged, and all dose sewers and corner saloons vill be investigated.

Vell, I got dot schob. I vas told I must visit all dose complicated cases vere dere vas gombaints made, so I vas appointed enumerator-at-large. I armed myself mit a pint ink pottle, a hickory club, and mit a per behind mine ear and dot question sheet I started oudt.

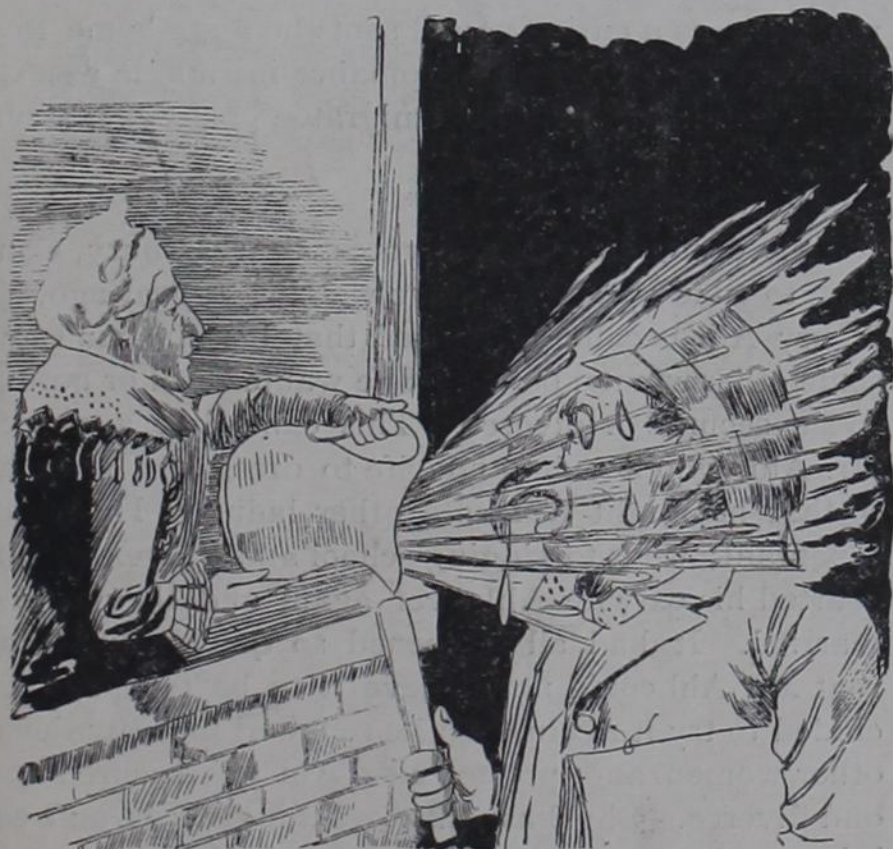
I had scharcely rung dot pell in dot frsht house, ven a lady pulls open dot vindow and asks, "Vat ish ter matter?"

"Madame," says I, but dot vass all I could say pefore she called out, "Didn't I tole you yesterday dot I don't have any old clothes to sell? Go right away, you Polish Chew miserables, or I vill baptize you so you don't forget it."

If I had brought mit me an umprella, instead of a hickory club, I would not have minded it so much, but a hickory club vas no protecshuns against some shower baths, so I shoved myself avay so quick ash I could, mit dot remark: "Madame, I vill see you later."

"Dot vas a fine sthart," I said to myself.

In dot next house vere I should call I vas received



mit great politeness by a lady in a Mother Hubbard dress, who requested me kindly to step dot parlor in. I vas received mit so much kindness dot I begins to

have my suspishons dot der vas some mistake vat she vas making, but der vas no mistake.

As soon as I vas seated dot parlor in she goes to dot vindow and calls downstairs: "O, Scharlie, coom up! Now ve have got him vere ve vant him." Den der Scharlie coomed dot parlor in. He vas a big man, who rolled up his sleeves. He made dot impression on my mind dot he vas a bouncer for some variety show.

He says to me: "So you vas der slob vat asked my wife, who vas only a pushing pride von three months, how many childrens she had; and I believe, Lizzie, he wanted to know how many you oggspected to have pefore dot next census. Dose vas nice questions to ask a pride vat vas still wearing orange plossoms her bonnet on. Open dot door, Lizzie, so I kick him into de middle ob de street."

Just at this crisis, as "Charlie" vas raising his foot to kick poor Hoofnagel is saved by the lady discovering that he is not the right man. However, Hoofnagel does not risk taking the census in that house, so he goes off ostensibly to have the impolite enumerator removed, but in reality he hunts up a former boon companion named George, who also had had trouble the day before with an enumerator. We regret to say that Enumerator Jackson, instead of attending to his duties, caroused all day long with George, sending out for one pitcher of beer after another, until eleven o'clock that night. No wonder the people of St. Louis complain that the census vas imperfectly taken.

The finale of Enumerator Jackson P. Hoofnagel's official career is thus described:

"Next morning ven I voke up my head vas aching very pad and I likewise had a queer taste my mouth in. Vile I vas still in bed my wife brought me a letter vat had come mit der first mail. On der left-hand corner vas "U. S. Census," and inside dot envelope vas: "You are hereby discharged."

Den I said to myself: "Schackson, as an enumerator you vas no success anyhow." At de rate of two and one-half cents a head I would not make enough to



pay my beer for, for vich reason I accepted my resignation, and turning over on de odder side I vent to sleep some more. I vill hereafter have noddings to do mit Uncle Sam, for he vas too tam pertickeller to suit

Your old friend,

JACKSON P. HOOFNAGEL.

EXPERIENCE.

There is no educator like experience. He is the very best of school teachers, but he has one great discrepancy that interferes with his popularity, and that is the exceedingly high wages he demands.

An unidentified cynic says, "The earlier a man has his eyes opened to the realities of life, the sooner he wants to close them." This is no doubt true in some cases, for there are unfortunate beings who are not only compelled to drink the cup of misfortune, but to drain its very dregs.

The lessons of experience are always valuable and firmly fixed in the memory, stamped there by the force of circumstances or printed as with sympathetic ink, by associations that kindle at a word or glance in a vivid glow; as, for instance, when the dunco steerer tries for the second time to rope in a fresh arrival.

Experience is the cream of life, but it often sours with age; for it takes most men forty years to find out that there is not as much amusement in living the other thirty as they anticipated.

The Ram's Horn says: "When God picks the man he is always the right one." When a woman picks the man he is frequently the wrong one.



AN AGGRIEVED MENIAL.

MRS. YERGER—What makes you look so sulky?

SERVANT (scowling furiously)—No wonder I look sulky. Here you are going out again in that dress which you promised me when you don't wear it any more.

SOCIAL GATHERINGS.

Social gatherings, balls, parties, and the like, are of very ancient origin. Madame Eve, for instance, gave the first garden party.

Entertainment which is given with the genuine hospitality and heartiness means more than mere feeding of the body; it means a royal interchange of the gifts of the soul, and is not to be confounded with the credit for hospitality that a man gets when he gives a restaurant dinner he does not pay for.

But to return to Eve's garden party. How simple and unostentatious it was, and yet how select! The first people of the country, including His Satanic Majesty, were there, and no doubt enjoyed themselves very much until the "wee sma' hours," etc. Compare Madame Eve's quiet but elegant little blow-out with a *bal poudre* which occurred at Philadelphia not long ago, about which a local reporter writes: "It was nearly morn before the last and most fastidious person deigned to make his appearance, and then the scene lost its incongruity and became an ocean of wave upon wave of flashing glances, entrancing smiles, beauteous faces and ravishing toilets, kissed by a rain of gems."

Of course this Philadelphia affair boasted of many features that were lacking at the quiet little affair in the Garden of Eden, but, after all, the two great essentials were present at both entertainments—viz., the ravishing toilets and Satan.

A LIFE-LONG PRACTICE.

Young Mr. Softy. (The conversation had been upon the subject of insomnia)—It is easy enough to go to sleep if you set about it right. I have, aw—an infallible recipe for it.

Miss Slygirl—What is that, Mr. Softy?

Mr. Softy—When I want—aw—to woo Nature's sweet restorer, I—aw—banish everything like an ideah from my mind, doncher see?

Miss Slygirl—You've been practicing it all your life, haven't you?

THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

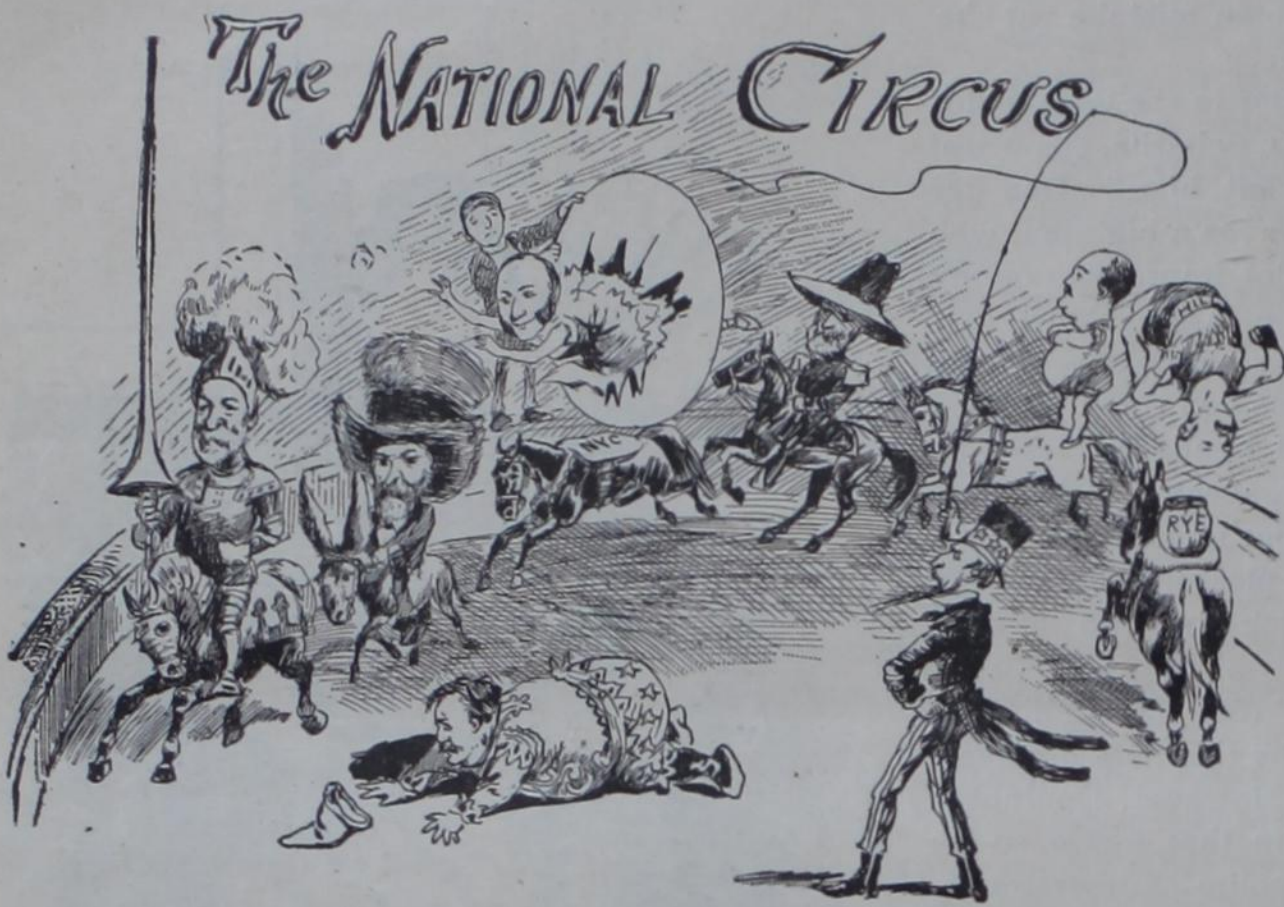
Bounder—Anything gone wrong in your family? When I met your youngest boy, just now, he was crying as though his heart would break.

Rounder—Gone wrong? Well, I should ejaculate if things haven't been going just right, with a big R! I told the kid that I'd climb all over him the next time I heard him talking slang. See?

HOUSEHOLD ITEM.

Butcher—Good morning, madame.

Young Housekeeper—Good morning, Mr. Gristle, I would like to get about five pounds of young and tender sausage meat, please, without any bone.



Secretary Blaine attempts the circus feat of riding two horses at once. This feat has been performed before, but never by any one cased in the shining silver armor of Protection to American Industry. Throw off this armor, become a Free Trader, with all that the name implies, and a circus-rider may display any amount of agility in the Ring. But the mission of the Republican party is to attend to the affairs of this Republic. The fiery little republics of South America come in for merely incidental consideration. One may love one's neighbors diplomatically without sacrificing one's principles to sentimentalism.

The outcome of Secretary Blaine's two-horse act he who runs may Reed.

Nevertheless, though no good may come out of South America, if reciprocity is to be arrayed against protection, we may even envy Brazil some of the provisions of her new constitution. For example, the provision rendering the chief executive ineligible for ten years after his first term of office. What heart-burnings and o'erleaping ambitions would be prevented if we had that clause! Then no President would forswear his principles in the hope of a renomination. Then the amiable Mr. Cleveland would not feel impelled to call the Sun "a senile old liar and thief," and the courtly Mr. Dana be induced to dub Mr. Cleveland "the stuffed prophet of William street." Then how much scandal would the occupants of the White House be spared, and how happily Mrs. Harrison and Baby McKee could enjoy their cottage by the sea. Then the pious Wanamaker could distribute pirated books as Sunday-school prizes without having to save up his money to buy Presidential presents in view of a second term. Ten years—it is a political lifetime! If that gap were to occur between the possible renominations of our Presidents, how many of them would ever live to climb over it?

The Italians, who are commonly regarded as organ-grinders, peanut-venders and bootblacks, only a little higher in the scale of creation than their monkeys, are a practical people. It requires a quadri-centennial of Columbus to remind us that one of them discovered this country, and even then we postpone the celebration in his honor to 1893. But they go to work to celebrate it in true artistic style. They are taking up subscriptions for a colossal white marble statue of Columbus, to stand in Battery Park, and out rival the black Bartholdi statue on Liberty Island. It is to cost at least \$20,000, and \$5,000 have already been raised. Our Irish fellow-citizens are willing to subscribe \$5,000 more, on condition that the statue be represented as pointing down the Narrows and bears the inscription, "Go back, ye Dagos!"

Mississippi is a poor State, a shotgun State, a State which still suffers from the Civil War; but its authorities have pluck and public virtue enough to send detectives up North for the prize-fighters who invaded her territory and to punish them with fine or nominal imprisonment. California, on the other hand, is the Golden State, upon which God, Nature and man have lavished every delight. Yet California has a so-called Athletic Club whose avowed object is to break the laws by importing human brutes to bang and maim each other, and some of the wealthiest men in San Francisco belong to this criminal confederacy. The result is to keep out immigration; for who wants to take his children to a State where slugging is considered a virtue? The Governor meekly declares that he would like to break up the brutal sport; but the Attorney General says that it is all right. Where are the preachers of

San Francisco? Must the old Vigilance Committee be reorganized? Have Jim Hardy, Dave Terry and Hugh Murray returned to the glimpses of the moon?

The gallant old State of New Jersey has been saved from a similar degradation by the refusal of Governor Abbot to sign the Jockey Club Bill, licensing all the year round gambling at horse races. The bill was entitled "an Act to improve the breed of horses." It should have been called "an Act to deteriorate the breed of boys;" for it encouraged youngsters to steal postage stamps and petty cash in order to make bets on the races, which, next to speculation in the big and little Wall street bucket-shops, is the worst and meanest form of gambling.

New York is often called a cosmopolitan, rather than an American, city. It must be so, for there are only two American daily morning papers in it—the Sun and the Tribune—and, incidentally, both these papers are Protectionist. The Herald is owned by the son of a foreigner, who lives abroad, has annexes in London and Paris, and spends there the money made for him here. The proprietor of the World is a foreigner, who also passes his life in Europe. The Times is managed by a Welshman, who imports English machinery into this country of inventors. How can such papers represent American sentiment? The conundrum answers itself. They don't.

Apropos, we hear no more about the Tall Tower of the Tribune since it has been eclipsed by the tall cupola of the World and the tall cathedral building—so English, you know—of the Times. But we miss the old refreshment saloon in the crypt of the cathedral. Has Mr. Jones turned teetotaler to help his rheumatism? In the good old times of Crook & Duff, he and Smith used to have their private bottle, at the wholesale price, and every friend was welcome to the nip that cheers but not inebriates. Things are different now; but not half so convivial and pleasant.

Every day or two there is a growl in some paper that the American flag no longer flies over merchant ships on any sea. Yet, as soon as it is proposed that Congress shall assist to re-establish our ocean commerce, the cry of "Subsidy! Subsidy!" is raised. Why should anybody be frightened by this scarecrow cry? Every nation on the face of the earth that has commerce has built it up by liberal subsidies, and why should a young country like this be too stupid to take a lesson from its elders? Our merchants are ready to open commercial relations with South America, Mexico, Africa, as well as Europe; but they cannot afford to enter, unaided, into competition with the English and the Germans, who now literally rule the waves. Why should not the government build ships for them, to be leased at reasonable rates, with the provisos that the steamers be officered by the Navy Department and be handed back to the government as part of our National fleet in case of war? The cost will be nothing; for the ships will pay for themselves. Besides the commercial benefits, we shall have thoroughly trained officers and a fleet of swift cruisers that will do more to sweep the seas clear of an enemy than a dozen lumbering iron-clads.

The police of New York are often described as the finest in the world. They do not look very fine in the World revelations of the manner in which police protection for gambling houses and houses of ill-fame can be bought for a few dollars. Neither do they appear in a fine light when we see them so terrorized by the gangs of toughs and thieves that they dare not make arrests. A young man named Pfeifer is now holding the fort, in his apartment on Third avenue—unless he be murdered before this number goes to press—against the Hill Gang—no connection with Governor Hill, except politically—who dominate that section of the city, commit every crime from rape to robbery, and threaten with death any resident who ventures to complain. Young Pfeifer saw three members of the gang trying to break into his rooms and fired his pistol at them. The police promptly appeared, though they had kept out of the way before, and immediately arrested—Pfeifer! The outburst of public indignation was so great that Pfeifer was released on parole to go home

and fight the gang single-handed; but, under ordinary circumstances, he would have been sent to the Island for shooting at burglars who have a police "pull." In the face of such facts, the police stoutly maintain that the gangs are all broken up, whereas the breaking up occurs to any citizen brave enough to oppose them.

Monopoly is one of the most abused words in the American language. Political agitators use it to frighten people who do not know what it means. The Standard Oil Company, for instance, is called a monopoly; any combination of business men to carry on great works is denounced as a monopoly; any corporation with a large capital that employs thousands of laboring men becomes, in the phrase of the agitators, a monopoly. Now, it is impossible for anybody to have a monopoly in this free country. Kings can give monopolies—that is, the exclusive privilege of manufacturing or trading in certain articles—to their courtiers, and have frequently done so in former eras. But nobody in America has any exclusive rights, except to patented articles for a definite legal term. No money, therefore, can make a monopoly here, because the inventive genius of this country is perfectly free to enter into competition with capital. The Standard Oil Company, powerful as it is, may be superseded, next week, by a discovery now haunting the brain of some Yankee inventor. We used to hear about the "gas monopoly;" but what became of it when electricity was employed for illuminating purposes? Before the "gas monopoly," there was a "whale oil monopoly;" but who burns whale oil now? Combinations, or companies, of business men will always exist, because in union there is strength to accomplish immense enterprises, impossible to any one man, however wealthy. But a monopoly in its original and offensive sense is as impossible in this country as is the king or emperor to grant it.

Park Commissioner Hutchins is a man who likes to hear himself talk, and this is the explanation of the legal difficulties in which the removal of the Central Park menagerie—a side show of the National Circus—is now involved. Mr. Hutchins had made up his mind that the Park Board should be left without a quorum, so that the removal might be prevented—which was all right as far as it goes. But, instead of quietly quitting the room, he began to talk to Secretary Brown about reading the minutes, and to Commissioner Borden about his general conduct, and, while he was shaking his fist and shouting at the top of his voice, his name was called on the removal resolution and his little plot to prevent a quorum was defeated. "Speaker Reed tactics," say the daily papers. Not at all; it was the fault of Commissioner Hutchins himself, whose talk had made him the victim of a clever trick.

Sometimes romances do not end as they were designed, and this is especially the case at Buffalo, N. Y., which is inhabited by very practical people. Last week a mare was sold at auction there, and the purchaser found a little note hidden in her mane. "This is my Maud," it said, "and my heart is breaking to part with her. She is so kind, so gentle, so knowing. Oh, do be kind to her! Yours truly, Annie Shuman." According to the laws of romance, the purchaser should have sent the mare back to the little girl, saying that he had rather lose the money than deprive her of her favorite. Or, still better, he should have sought out Miss Shuman, found her a beautiful young lady, fancy free, given her the mare and his heart, married her and lived happy ever after. Instead, he handed the note to the reporters as a curiosity and sent the mare home to his stable. The only hero of romance in Buffalo was Grover Cleveland, and he emigrated before marrying Frankie.

It is easier to get a divorce at Waterbury, Conn., than to wind up a Waterbury watch. A year ago, Mrs. Henry Ahl became convinced that her husband loved some other woman better. She wanted Ahl or nothing; so she secured a divorce. This came like a shock to Mr. Ahl, who now had no wife to dress him up neatly so that he might fascinate other ladies. He became repentant; went to singing-school and prayer meeting; courted his ex-wife Ahl over again and they were remarried. It had all happened so quickly and neatly that Mr. Ahl could not believe it to be true, and concluded to try it again. So he renewed his attentions to other women and, presto! Mrs. Ahl has secured a second divorce. She has some wedding cards and cake left over for the second remarriage, which is expected to come off when the warm weather is over. But her twice divorced husband declares that he is Ahl right, at present.

THE RINGMASTER.



A MISFIT.

MRS. GUZZLETON (2 A. M.)—Why do you hang your hat on the floor, Jabez?
MR. GUZZLETON—Tsh! did I? Well, I guessh it'll fit 'er floor better 'n it does me!

THE EBENEZER FLAPJACK.

BY V. Z. REED.

The last number of this journal of the Ozarks contained the following article, entitled:

OUR VINDICATION.

Bad news travels fast. A man may do good all the days of his life and his deeds will not be heard of by his next-door neighbor, but let him go but one jot from the prescribed path and the whole county will hear all about it in fifteen minutes, and in all the highways and byways of Green county the people know that the editor of this great moral lever was arrested this week for assault and battery, and fined \$2. The report is true; and, while we have pressing need for coin and currency in our arduous business, we planked down that two-dollar bill with as much pleasure as we would write a subscription receipt.

Citizens and patriots, we are a gentle, peaceable, peace-loving man; we make a specialty of turning aside to keep from crushing worms; but we had sufficient provocation to rouse the meekest man on earth and we fought. We will explain, then our readers may form their own judgment.

About two weeks ago we wrote a leader on Literature, proving in our usual logical way that it was to the fields and the groves that this nation must look for its lyrics and elegiacs, and not to the crowded streets of busy cities; that the Muses love repose, and that there might be many "mute, inglorious Miltons" scattered around among the jack oaks about Ebenezer, who would blaze like paste diamonds if they were once introduced to the public. We asked those of our readers who had literary inclinations to try their hands at writing poetry, and offered the columns of our paper for the production of anything possessing merit. And thereby hangs the whole business.

Soon after the article appeared a simpering young lady brought in a nice little poem entitled, "Tears, Idle Tears." We got stuck on the poem and had it nearly set up when we chanced to read a book written by one Tennyson and in it discovered the same poem. We have no doubt he stole it bodily from the Ebenezer young lady, but as we are peaceable we did not print it, preferring to keep out of literary quarrels. The next poet that loomed up on our horizon was the man we thumped; we thumped him wisely and not too well. He is a young man who wears top boots and a red necktie, and he sat down in our best chair and cocked his feet up on the table as though he had a chatte! mortgage on the whole ranch and the interest was overdue. He told us that he had "noticed" that we wanted

"A maid to a clerk in a grocery store said 'Saigh,
How much will you charge to give me a weigh?'"
The clerk gazed at the maid so killing and gaigh,
With eyes as bright as a morning in Maigh,
And said: "If you're to be given aweigh,
Rather than see you marry some jaigh,
I'll take you myself; just name the daigh."

We told the young man to go away; told him not to stay in Ebenezer ten minutes, but he thought we meant that he was too smart for the backwoods and ought to go to Boston and mingle with men of culture. What we meant was that about one more poem would break the back of our endurance, but before we could explain further the young man read:

"Choke the serio-comic off,
Kill the German band;
Chuck the whistler in a trough,
Rest the fiddler's hand;
Let the Nation have a rest,
The long-wished task is done;
He obeyed the command with noble zest—
Johnny's got his gun."

That settled it. A man can systematically impose upon us just so far but when he reaches the limit we are a regular Kansas sandstorm on a toot, and that young man had crossed the dead line. We made him feel sick and sore, men and brethren; and if any of the rest of you want to persecute us with any such slush

some "poetry;" that he had dashed off a few little things which he had intended to send to TEXAS SIFTINGS or Puck, but as we were a home industry he had changed his mind and would let us have the productions. Were we tickled? Well, rather. We went out and stood the postmaster off for a quarter's worth of cigars, gave one to the poet, and leaned back to listen to the verses. In our mind's eye we could see the rage of our friend and esteemed contemporary Griswold, of TEXAS SIFTINGS, when he saw our paper and found that we had stolen a march on him in securing the poetry. The poet began:

"There was a small boy in Cape May,
Who with sixteen mince-pies made away;
But with the coming of night
His soul took its flight,
And he sings with the angels to-day."

We said never a word, gentle reader; the provocation was great but we controlled ourself. He then handed us a sheet from which we read the following:

we will be found at the old stand ready to chug daylight out of you. In future our contributors will please confine themselves to good, square-toed prose items about the crops and the weather.

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is a quality of the mind which is very difficult to define correctly. What is happiness to one man is the reverse to another.

There are some individuals whose highest idea of bliss is to sit comfortably in the house and look out the window at others stuck in the mud.

There is much truth in the remark of Tallyrand, or some other cynical Frenchman, that in order to be happy a man has to have a hard heart and a good digestion. It is almost impossible for sensitive people to be very happy for any length of time, for mosquitoes and fools will annoy him in spite of all he can do, to say nothing of other complications.

The only man who is to be envied is the man who is contented, but where is he? It is useless to attempt to defeat him, for the man who does not want anything except what he has already got is absolutely invincible.

Incidentally, we may remark that no such man exists.

It is a mistake to suppose that the rich society people are happy. These spoiled children of the world, like their juvenile namesakes, are generally a source of unhappiness to others without being happy themselves.

TEMPTATION TOO GREAT.

Gus De Smith—Did you read an item in the Journal the other day that Canada was a delightful place to spend the summer?

Gilhooly—Yes, I did.

Well, the cashier of the bank where I've got my money takes the Journal, too.

Well, what of it?

Nothing, except I'm going to draw my money out of that bank.

A MAN who keeps his good manners for company, sometimes finds them very rusty when he wants to use them.



TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

DEMOCRATIC POLITICIAN—If you believe there is so much bribery at elections why don't you mention a few instances?

REPUBLICAN POLITICIAN—A-hem! Perhaps it is better for both sides if we confine ourselves to general statements.

A WILD NIGHT RIDE.



seat on the same level as the passengers' seats, is called a "hack."

I had gone to the "Hills" to engage in mining, but after four months of prospecting had decided to open a general supply store at the new town of Deadwood, and was on my way to Omaha to purchase goods for the venture.

A tin lamp, fastened in one corner of the "hack," discovered to me two passengers within as I entered and took my seat. One was an old gentleman, apparently weak and ill, for, although it was not a cold night, he was muffled in a coarse, heavy ulster overcoat. Moreover, such of his face as I could see between a gray beard, which almost covered it, and the rim of a slouch hat, was pale and thin, and the eyes looked sunken and unnatural. At least, so they struck me at a cursory glance.

The other passenger was a young fellow of twenty-two or twenty-three years, I judged, decidedly dandified in his dress for that region. He wore a stiff hat and a stand-up collar, encircled by a neat tie, and had on a dark suit, evidently custom made, which was an unusual "get-up" for that region, and one which at once aroused my suspicion, for the only persons I had seen about the mining towns dressed in anything like that fashion were gamblers, a class of men I had made it a point to avoid.

Just before setting out, the driver came to the side of the vehicle, thrust in a light Winchester carbine, and placed it between my knees.

"I see you didn't have no gun," said he, "an' I keep a couple of extra ones for sech."

That was all. No further explanation was necessary in those days.

I took charge of the weapon, although I was as little expert in its use as I was in handling the Smith & Wesson in my hip pocket, which, indeed, I had never discharged.

I knew enough of life in the mines to know that the "bad man with the gun" is usually the man who gets into difficulty rather than the peaceable and unarmed citizen; but a stage ride from Custer to Sidney at that time was a trip not altogether likely to be without its adventures, and for once I regretted my unfamiliarity with "shooting irons."

It occurred to me that if we were "jumped by road agents," as the phrase went, the freebooters of the route would have little to fear from the occupants of the hack, whether they got much money or not. There were usually valuables of some sort in the iron box under the driver's seat.

The young man who sat opposite me had a carbine across his lap, but I fancied he knew even less of its use than I did. As we started he sat without noticing me, twirling a slight moustache, and humming a tune. "A fresh gamester, if one at all," I said to myself upon a second look at him.

The old man had no arms in sight. The driver no doubt regarded him as out of the fight in any event.

As we rolled up into Buffalo Gap I had a few words of conversation with my companions. I learned that the elder was an Iowa farmer, who had come out to see what he could do in the new mines, but had been ill with mountain fever, and afterward attacked by rheumatism, so that he had been forced to abandon his projects and return to the East. He spoke freely, and in the careless English of Western men.

The young fellow said he was from New York. "Neh Yawk," he pronounced it. He was, he said, a student of mining engineering, but he did not mention

what his business had been in that region; but that was not strange, for we could not talk much. A jolting stage bowling over a rough country at eight miles an hour does not give the best opportunity for conversation.

I soon became sleepy, and, leaning back in my corner, took such momentary cat naps as the nature of the road permitted. At eleven o'clock we made a brief halt at a temporary stage station, where the driver's four-in-hand team was exchanged for fresh horses.

I peeped out and got a glimpse of the teams, of two men with lanterns, of a low structure of sods or adobe faintly outlined, and of the black side of a pine-covered mountain beyond. The night was quite dark, with floating clouds, and no moon. It became somewhat lighter as we passed out of the gap a little later, as I noted through a crack in the swaying "flap" opposite.

The road was now smoother, and I settled back in my corner, as my companion had done, to get a little solid sleep if possible. I dozed off for a time, but was awakened by the groaning of the old man beside me. He seemed to be in great pain, and writhed about nervously. I asked him what was the trouble. He replied that the rheumatism in his legs was nearly killing him.

"I wisht th' driver'd let me aout we git to th' nex' crick. He'll water likely, 'n' I've jest got t' stretch my legs er die. Ye see, I'm troubled with cramp rheumatism, an' th' ain't no room in hyer to git th' cramp out o' my legs."

I told him I would speak to the driver when we halted, a few minutes later, at the bank of a stream—White river, I believe. I thrust my head out at the side, and asked that the old gentleman might be let out for a moment to stretch his legs.

"All right!" said the driver, as he clambered down from his own seat. "I'm goin' ter oncheck an' let th' hosses take a pull at th' drink."

I then helped the old man to dismount, steadying him by the arm as he got down. He seemed to have a good deal of difficulty in alighting, and groaned in a most lugubrious fashion. The flap swung to after him, as I had unbuttoned it all around to let him out. The young man opposite me lay curled up on his seat, but I could see that his eyes were wide open, and that he was eyeing me with a sharp keen glance. My eyes probably responded when they fell upon his, for he straightened up in an alert fashion, and leaned toward me.

"Say," he whispered, "do you think that old chap's all right? Strikes me that groaning of his was put on. What d'ye think?"

The question startled me no less than the young fellow's manner, and I was about to make some reply when a gun or a pistol shot rang in our ears, followed by a yell either of pain or surprise, and a lurch of the hack threw me forward against my companion's knees.

Either the shot or the yell had started our team, and we went down the bank and into the stream with a lunge. I heard shots—one, two, three—as we splashed through the water. Then more yells, loud and fierce.

My notion of what had happened or what was happening was confused for a moment, and then I saw my comrade—for the light still burned—crawling through to the driver's seat as we went careening up the opposite bank.

A second later he had gathered the lines, which were tied in front, and while he held them with one hand he grasped a rib of the hack with the other. Then he leaned out and glanced back.

Luckily, the horses, which were going at a gallop—they were animals which needed no urging—kept to the road, and the cool-headed young fellow was not pitched out.

"There's a lot of 'em," he shouted in at me a moment later. "I can just see four or five getting on their horses. They have killed the driver, I guess, and are after us now."

With that he gathered up the long lashed whip, which lay in the boot, and dropping upon his knees, began yelling and laying the whip upon the team.

In a moment we were going at a fearful pace, and despite the excitement and fright of the moment I noticed that our four horses came to hand and ran with a steady, even gait, which did credit to the young man's driving.

"Get ready for 'em now!" he screamed back at me. "they'll be down on us in a minute. Open the back flap 'n' pour it into 'em with your guns, and when they're empty get mine under the seat!"

He was my captain as well as driver, and I obeyed

instinctively, for I certainly had formed no plan of defence or action on my own account.

I managed to unbutton and roll up the leather behind, and peering out, on my knees before the back seat, I saw that we were indeed followed. It was light enough to distinguish objects dimly at a hundred yards, and there were at least five horsemen in our rear, tearing along at the top of their animals' speed. Knowing that they were within rifle shot, I opened fire on them over the seat. I worked the lever of my gun as rapidly as I could, but made awkward business of it. Presently I got a shell stuck and began trying to get it out. In the mean time our pursuers were gaining with every second. They were within fifty yards before I could get out my shell, and I was too excited to think of using another gun. Suddenly the light in the hack went out and a hand upon my shoulder jerked me backward. Then a voice yelled in my ear:—

"Let me get at them! Load the guns for me 'n' let the team go. We might's well smash as be riddled with bullets. Here—here's two boxes of cartridges."

I dropped back to the other seat and gave place to him. He threw his carbines over the back of the hind seat and began firing.

It seemed to me that a steady stream of fire poured out of the back of the stage, and before I had filled the magazine of my gun his was empty. He snatched mine, however, and thrust his own back to me.

Loading was awkward business at first, as I had to feel for the feeder; but I managed soon to thrust them into my gun as fast as he could work the lever of his own. The men, whoever and whatever they were, rode up to within twenty-five or thirty yards, and, spreading out, opened fire on us.

"Keep close down in the bottom!" shouted my comrade as he kept on with his firing.

The "road agents" did not come nearer, evidently fearing too great exposure to the stream of shots from the hack, and my courage rose to something near the level of my companion's. I caught glimpses as I glanced up now and then, of a plunging horseman, with shadowy, outstretched arm, from which flashed blaze after blaze of light.

All at once we began descending into a gully, and the hack bounced from side to side so violently that it was impossible for us to do anything but cling to the sides of the box.

"It's all right!" rang out my companion's voice in my ear, shortly after we had begun the descent; "they've quit. They can't ride along the side of the gulch and daren't follow straight behind. There's a stage ranch below, too. I remember the road."

Sure enough the men had dropped back and the shots had ceased. My cool, brave comrade now clambered over me, and in some way got into the front seat of the jumping coach. A moment later we were slowing up and running more steadily. Five minutes more and we halted—what was left of us—safe and sound in front of stage station.

Our story was soon told, our horses exchanged, and a fresh driver, doubly armed, put with us. Such little accidents did not stop stages in those parts.

There was no danger, they told us, from that same gang. The three men who were left promised to go immediately and look after our other driver.

It was only the darkness and the motion of the vehicle and horses that had saved us from being hit. We found several bullet marks about the coach next morning. One of them, well aimed, had gone through the back seat at an angle and into the front, and might have passed directly between us. My respect for my young comrade was greatly raised by the event of that night, and was further increased by an after acquaintance which discovered his real modesty and worth.

On my return to the "Hills" I learned that our driver had been picked up at the crossing of the creek, badly wounded, and also that the brave fellow had yelled to the team to go the very second he was hit. He had been carried to Sidney. As to the rheumatic old man, he was, of course, a rascal in league with the band who attacked us.—Youth's Companion.

NOT ALL HONEYMOONSHINE, EITHER.

"There's no happiness," said he enthusiastically, "like the happiness of married lovers. Their life is all sunshine."

"No," replied the practical young widow, "you're wrong there. I've tried married happiness myself, you know, and I tell you it's all moonshine."—Somerville Journal.

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by FAR THE BEST and FINEST Stomach Bitters made, whether taken PURE or with wines or liquors.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

If you are Nervous,

and cannot sleep, try it.



AN utter failure—Stammering.—Harvard Lampoon.

A PIECE of limburger cheese is like a tack in one respect—you can always find it in the dark.—Judge.

OF COURSE—"What kind of a dinner does Fritz give you for twenty-five cents?" "Oh, a twenty-five cent dinner."—Puck.

SHE—"Why do you call me your honey, Charlie?" He—"Because, my dear, you are made up of so many little sells."—Light.

"So, Lucille, you want to know 'What are the wild waves saying,' do you?" "Well, they are saying, 'Let us spray.'"—Yale Record.

NIGHTMARES—"I dream my stories," said Hicks. "How you must dread going to bed!" exclaimed Cynicus.—New York Sun.

WIBBLE—"I wonder why swans sing just before death?" Wabble—"It is their last chants, I suppose."—Terre Haute Express.

"I OFFERED Chollie a penny for his thoughts." "Did you get them?" "No. He was out of thoughts—as usual."—Harper's Bazar.

CUSTOMER—"That sugar of yours was dreadfully adulterated." Grocer—"But, my dear sir, it grew that way—sandy soil, you know."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

HUSBAND (reading)—"This paper says Jenkins will lead Miss Cuttlefish to the altar shortly." Wife—"Humph. He'll never lead her any further."—New York Sun.

THE difference between the martyr of old and the martyr of to-day is that one was burned at the stake, and the other has his steak burned for him.—Atchison Globe.

It is reported that Stanley is going back to Africa next year as Governor of the Congo State. He will not unless Miss Tennant says he Congo.—Utica Observer.

GIRL GRADUATE—"So this is your editorial room, is it?" Janitor—"Yes." "And are all these gentlemen editors?" "Yes." "Which one of them is 'We?'"—Chatter.

"WANTED, an American poet," says a contemporary. Oh, we have him already. He lives in every city and ward, every county and town of this blessed country—and so does she.—Judge.

WHEN you find a barefooted boy who can see any sense in washing his feet before he goes to bed at night, you have found the material from which a dude will be made.—Atchison Globe.

WHEN a man has had his manuscript returned to him, he comes pretty near knowing how it feels to be a woman and have some other woman's baby take the prize at the show.—Atchison Globe.

BATCHELL (to happy father)—"Congratulations you, old man, on the new arrival. Whom does he look like?" Father (remembering the visitors' comments)—"He looks like all his relatives on both sides of the family."—Exchange.

"BRETHREN," writes a Georgia editor, "the paper is a little late this week, but when we tell you the reason we are sure you will forgive us. We were out in the country, attending the funeral of our mother-in-law. She died young, but she died game."—Atlanta Constitution.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, it is said, will retire to the fields of Berkshire county, Mass., and go into the business of raising stock. It is to be hoped that John L. will appreciate that there is some difference in the method of raising stock and raising the devil.—Columbus Dispatch.

OLD MAMMY lived in North Carolina, very near the line. When the boundary between that State and Virginia was changed she was told that now she lived in Virginia. "Well," she answered, "I am powerful glad. I always heard that Virginia was a healthier State than North Carolina."—Argonaut.

The fashionable ladies corrective tonic is Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned tonic.

Made a Mistake.

A few days since, a gentleman was riding along a Possum Ridge highway, when, in making a turn in the road, he came upon an old man badly battered and bruised, sitting on a stump by the wayside. The old man looked as though he had been run through a threshing-machine, or dragged under a harrow all over a twenty-acre field.

"My friend," said the traveler, "what is the trouble here?"

"Right smart the trouble," the native replied, gruffly.

"Are you hurt?"

"Wal, if havin' a leg broke, a arm put out o' jint, an' a head cracked, an' bein' pounded sore, is any sign o' bein' hurt, then I guess I'm kinder injured."

"How did it happen?"

"Happened easy 'nough."

"Did your team run away, or something like that?"

"No, it didn't."

"How did it come about, then?"

"It came about through want o' sense on my part."

"I don't understand you."

"Don't eh? Wal, I don't wonder at it. Reckon a Philadelphia lawyer couldn't understand an old idiot like me. Say, mebbey yer don't know it, but I'm the biggest, blamedest old fool yer ever laid yer eyes on."

"Come, don't abuse yourself, but just tell me how this happened, and what I can do for you."

"The best thing yer kin do fer me is ter take a club an' pound my dinged fool head off."

"Oh, pshaw, man, don't talk so. There is no use of blaming yourself for this accident. You couldn't prevent it."

"Couldn't? Reckon I didn't bring it all on myself, eh? Reckon I didn't hanker arter it an' split my shirt to git inter it? No, I reckon I ain't to blame."

"What was it you got into?"

"What wuz it? Why, the fight, o' co'se. Yer seem determined to find out all 'bout this yere business, so I'll jist tell ye. Reckon you know thar wuz a feller holdin' a meetin' down ter the Coon Run meetin' house?"

"Yes, I heard of it."

"Wal, it wuz him thet chawed me up."

"The preacher?"

"Azactly. He's the identical trick that done it."

"What caused him to do such a deed?"

"Wal, ther long an' ther short o' ther business is this: That thar feller has been holdin' meetin's down thar to the meetin' house fer nigh a month, goin' it red-hot day an' night, an' ever'body in these diggin's got to goin', 'ceptin' me. I hung off, an' sassed back when the preacher talked to me, an' last night he opened up on me in his pra'rs an' hilt me up to the Lord as a mouty ornery, no-count old cuss."

"Did he mention your name?"

"No, but he talked so everybody knowed who he meant, an' he went on scan'lous. Said I stole sheep an' whipped the ole 'oman an' sich."

"And you think he meant you?"

"I know he did, though, as I said, he didn't mention no names."

"Well, then, what?"

"Why, when I hearn what he'd done I said I'd git even with him, an' knowin' he wuz to pass erlong here to-day, I came up yere an' laid in wait fer 'im."

"Yes."

"Wal, arter waitin' 'bout a hour here, he come walkin' 'long singin' as happy as a coon, an' I jist laid low till he got up 'most even with me, then I jumped out right afore him, an' begun to r'ar an' cuss an' kevert, swarin' that I'd whip the hide off'n him in three shakes of a sheep's tail."

"Yes, and then what?"

"Wal, he tuck to ergyin' an' talkin' soft like, an' I kept on a cussin', an' arter a while he sees talk wasn't goin' to count, so he flung off his coat an' said:

"'If yer bound ter whup me, an' nothin' 'else won't satisfy yer, jist pile on.'"

"And you piled on?"

"Yas, I piled on, but I didn't whup 'im. I reckon I piled off a right smart suddinter than I piled on."

"Did he go for you?"

"Wal, sorter. 'Bout the time I retched fer him it 'peared like the earth ris up an' whacked me squar' across the back of my head, slappin' the breath clear outen me, an' then fer a few minutes it seemed like a cyclone had ahold uv me, spinnin' me round in the dust an' whackin' me agin the saplins till I felt thar weren't nothin' left uv me but a few frazzlins."

"That preacher was a fighter, was he?"

"Shucks, he wuz a reg'lar heracane in full blast, he wuz. I thought I'd jist swipe him off'n the yearth the fust pass I made at 'im; but as I said at fust, mister, I'm a blamed old fool, an' I won't never tackle a preacher agin. I wouldn't mind fightin' a possel o' Injuns, but yer kin bet I'll give preachers plenty of room."—Thos. P. Montfort, in Detroit Free Press.

Figs and Thistles.

The best cook stove ever made will not bake a biscuit unless there is a good fire in it.

Some people have faces as long as Jacob's ladder, and the angels are missing.

God has never had any use for people who had no business of their own to attend to.

There is nothing so beautiful to man or angel, as an unblemished Christian character.

No man can ever become rich, in the true sense of the word, without God's permission.

The only Bible any man has is that he lives. Some folks get along with a very small pamphlet.

"You're a good fellow," is one of the ways Satan has of saying, "I've got a mortgage on you."

There are just two kinds of people in this world. Those who are right and those who are wrong.

If some preachers wouldn't try to do so much themselves, God could do more for their congregations.

If you want to find out how much meanness there is a man, go at him with a collection basket.

The most dangerous saloon keeper is the one who most successfully conceals the fact that the devil is his partner.

Men can kill just as positively by keeping money in their pockets, as they can by taking revolvers out of them.

If there was no devil God could not reveal to us that He is God. Without darkness the sun would not be visible.

If the devil had no friends in the church, it wouldn't be long until the army of the cross would cover the earth.—The Ram's Horn.

We recommend Carter's Iron Pills to every woman who is weak, nervous and discouraged; particularly those who have thin, pale lips, cold hands and feet, and who are without strength or ambition. These are the cases for which Carter's Iron Pills are specially prepared, and this class cannot use them without benefit. Valuable for men also. In metal boxes, at 50 cents. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. See advertisement elsewhere.

Very Likely.

"Is your son still studying in Paris?"

"Yes. I got a letter from him a few days ago, and he told me that he and several others were engaged in painting the town. I guess he means it to be a cyclorama."—New York Herald.

What is more attractive than a pretty face with a fresh, bright complexion? For it use Pozzoni's Powder.

Getting Colder in Asia.

A recent writer in the North China Herald, of Shanghai, says that the climate of Asia is becoming colder than it formerly was, and its tropical animals and plants are retreating southward at a slow rate. This is true in China, and it is also the case in western Asia.

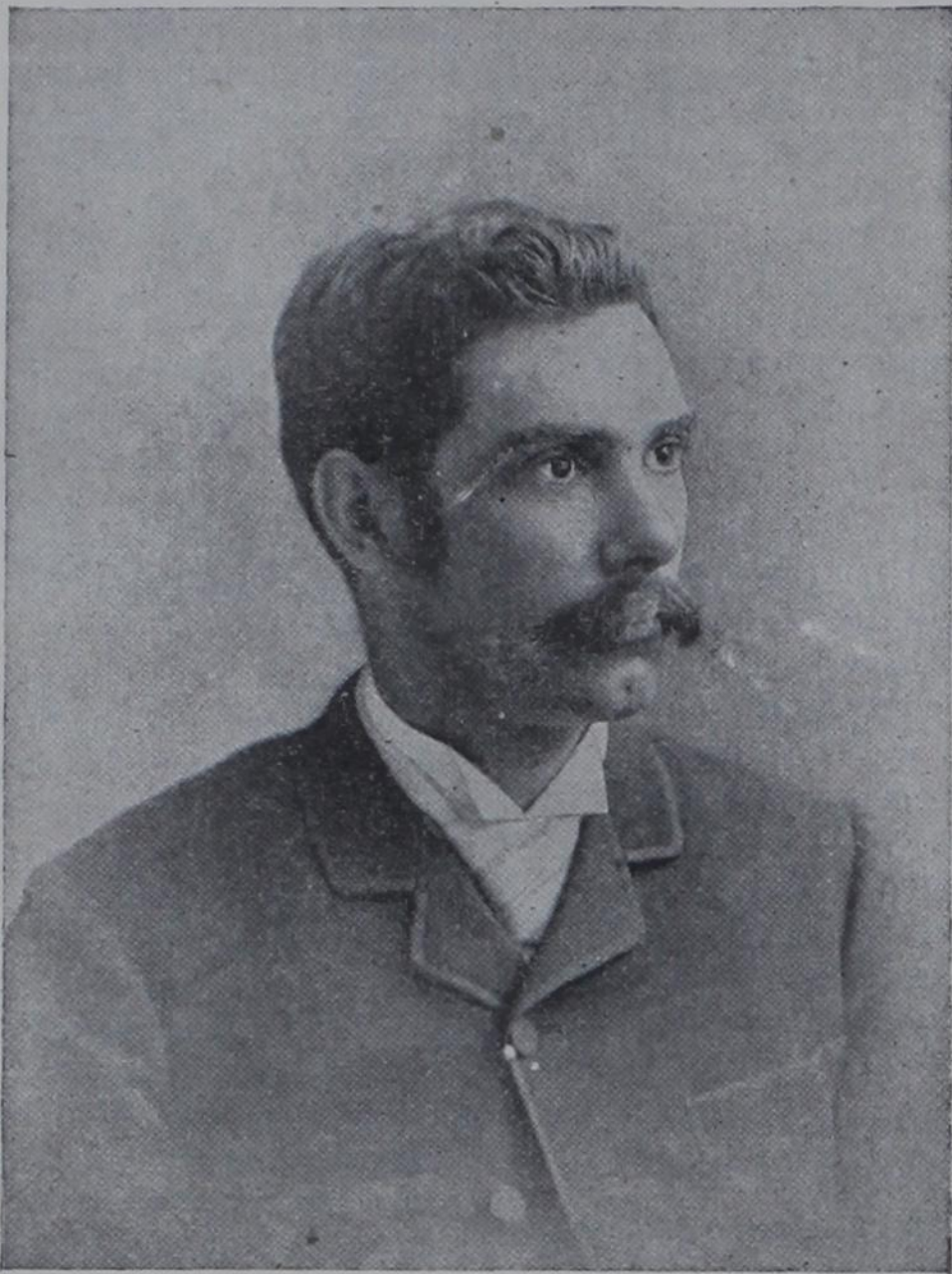
The elephant, in a wild state, was hunted in the eighth century, B. C., by Tiglath Pileser, the king of Assyria, near Carchemish, which lay near the Euphrates, in Syria. Four or five centuries before this Thothmes III., king of Egypt, hunted the same animal near Aleppo. In high antiquity the elephant and rhinoceros were known to the Chinese; they had names for them, and their tusks and horns were valued. In the time of Confucius elephants were in use for the army on the Yangtze river. A hundred and fifty years after this Mencius speaks of the tiger, the leopard, the rhinoceros and the elephant as having been, in many parts of the empire, driven away from the neighborhood of the Chinese inhabitants by the founders of the Chou dynasty. Tigers and leopards are not yet, by any means, extinct in China. The elephant and the rhinoceros are again spoken of in the first century of our era. If to these particulars regarding elephants be added the retreat from the rivers of South China of the ferocious alligators that formerly infested them, the change in the fauna of China certainly seems to show that the climate is much less favorable for tropical animals than it formerly was. In fact, it appears to have become drier and colder.

Praise from Sir Hubert.

A more agreeable journey through diversified and attractive scenery than that which can be made by one of the two daily vestibuled fast trains of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad between Chicago and Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York would be hard to find. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad of to-day is a vastly different institution from that which it was a few years ago. The antiquated locomotives and cars which then constituted its equipment have given place to rolling stock of the latest and best patterns, and the through trains, vestibuled from engine to rear sleeper and including dining cars and Pullman cars of the most modern and luxurious character, compare favorably with those of any in the world. The sleeping cars especially built for these trains a few months ago have some admirable improvements. The elegant simplicity of the interior decorations is in marked contrast to the louder ornamentation which not long ago was considered the height of art in such places. The wood is of mahogany with little carved or raised work, but brought down to the highest finish, carefully selected for fine grain and texture and showing highly artistic cabinet work which the eye does not tire of admiring. The improvement in the locomotive equipment is equally remarkable. In order to climb the Alleghenies, from whose heights the passenger enjoys views of sublimity and beauty which he never forgets, heavy grades and numerous curves were necessary in constructing the road, and until recently it required the help of extra engines to get a train to the summit. Now when the foot of the mountain is reached, instead of two or more engines being called into service there is attached to the train a single engine weighing sixty-seven tons, having six coupled drivers and cylinders 21x26 inches in size, and this powerful machine takes the heavy train up the long stretches of grades reaching as high as 118 feet to the mile, at a lively pace. The daylight ride over the mountains, especially in the time of vendure, shows a wonderfully attractive panorama in which grandeur and beauty are constantly mingled, and indeed the entire journey between Washington and Chicago proves the propriety of calling this road 'Picturesque B. & O.'—Railway Age.

"THIS is a voyage around the whirld," said the old gentleman who steered his way with difficulty among the waltzers.—Harvard Lampoon.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. A. C. BALDWIN.

MEMBER FROM LANCASTER COUNTY TO THE PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.

A. C. Baldwin was born February 5, 1851, at Cains, Lancaster county, Pa., educated in district school and graduated at Lititz Academy, at Lititz, Pa. He took an active part in local and county politics at an early age, and was elected a member of the Republican County Committee in 1877, and at the organization of the committee was elected its secretary, was re-elected a member of the committee and also re-elected secretary of committee in 1878.

Was elected delegate to Republican State Convention in 1879.

Was elected a member of the Legislature from Lancaster county in 1886, re-elected in 1888, and has recently been nominated by his party for a third time in a county of 1,200 Republican majority, which insures his re-election, making three consecutive terms, an honor seldom bestowed on any one in his county.

He has been for years a director of the Gap National Bank; also a director of the Lancaster County Mutual Insurance Company, one of the oldest insurance companies of the State.

A Paradise for Mothers-in-law.

It is a custom among the Apaches for a man not to marry again until his wife has been dead a year and a half, though bad men, we are told, would marry before that time. Their domestic arrangements are very peculiar, with a little background of poetic instinct that shows through all the hard, practical facts of the case the same old human nature that has gradually evolved the love which is stronger than death. To begin with, when a man marries he is supposed to belong no longer to himself, but to his wife's parents. He is not permitted to speak much in their presence, and dares not look upon his mother-in-law's face, shielding his eyes from it as from the sun. The gift they have bestowed upon him in their daughter is supposed to be so valuable that he not only pays liberally at the outset, but any service they may ask of him he is obliged to render as long as their child remains his wife. When she dies he cannot marry again without their consent.—Lend a Hand.

Pretty Story from Fatherland.

The Germans have a story which the home-loving people love to repeat. A father, when his daughter became a bride, gave her a golden casket, with the injunction not to pass it into other hands, for it held a charm which, in her keeping, would be of inestimable value to her as the mistress of a house. Not only was she to have the entire care of it, but she was to take it every morning to the cellar, the kitchen, the dining-room, the

bedroom, and to remain with it in each place for five minutes, looking carefully about. After the lapse of three years the father was to send the key, that the secret talisman might be revealed. The key was sent. The casket was opened. It was found to contain an old parchment, on which was written these words: "The eyes of the mistress are worth one hundred pair of servants' hands." The wise father knew that a practice of inspection followed faithfully for three years would become a habit and be self-perpetuated—that the golden casket and the hidden charm would have accomplished their mission.—Daughters of America.

Robbie Expected a Long Summer.

Robbie's mother had noticed that every time he went out into the street with her he carefully counted every dog in sight. As the number increased Robbie grew depressed, and when he reached his two hundredth dog he sighed wearily:

"Mammy, I am afraid there won't be any winters any more."

"Why, Robbie, what makes you think so?"

"Every dog has his day, doesn't he?"

"Oh! some people say so."

"But it's true, isn't it?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, then, if every dog takes a day, dog days will last till Christmas, and I shall be just as hot and sticky as this all the time."

And Bobbie refused to be comforted.—New York Tribune.

The Sunshine Came Again.

We were waiting at a railroad depot in Louisiana, and there was a likely lot of colored people hanging about "to see de kivered cabs" come in, when a black woman suddenly jumped off the platform and laid herself down across the track.

"Heah, you Lucinda, what you doin'?" called a colored man as he leaped down after her.

"Gwine ter git smashed to squash," she replied.

"What yer gwine to git smashed to squash fur?"

"Kase you dun doan' like me no mo'."

"Hu! Who said I dun didn't like you no mo'."

"I seed it wid my own eyes."

"What you see, Lucinda?"

"Seed you dun laff at Miss Fox. Let de eangine hurry up an' ran ober me and squish me all to muss!"

"Hu! You is foolishness. I nebber laffed at Miss Fox. Come away from dar'."

"I dun seed you."

"No, you didn't. Gin you my right a'm if I dun laffed at nobody. What I dun laffed fur?"

"Kase you doan' keer fur me no mo'."

"Hu! Ize dyin' fur you."

"Fur shore, Moses?"

"If I dun ain't den I want to be struck dead wid thunder."

"Honest?"

"If I was lyin' den let de thunder come."

"Den I won't let de eangine smash me to squash."

"Dat's mo' reasonable. Take my han'."

And they clasped hands and walked up and down the track, each black face wearing a smile of joy and each heart full of a love which didn't care a continental cocked hat for the crowd looking on from the platform.—Detroit Free Press.

If you had taken two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring you would not have had that coated tongue or bad taste in the mouth this morning. Keep a vial with you for occasional use.

Southerners' Success.

"Fifty per cent. of the men who have distinguished themselves at the New York bar and seventy-five per cent. of the most prominent physicians and surgeons are southerners by birth," remarked J. F. T. Anderson of Richmond, Va., as he stood upon the steps of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. "I could string off their names by the score, and have no hesitation in saying that the best brains in New York have come from Virginia, Maryland, Tennessee and Kentucky. Now that we are getting some of you northerners to come down South and invest your money, we will show you what the south can do. The best blood and brains of the North and South are now closely allied in business and other things.—N. Y. World.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Suspiciously Cordial.

Miss Honeysuckle (in some trepidation)—"Here's the bill for my new bonnet, papa."

Mr. Honeysuckle—"Seventy-five dollars? Why, that's remarkably cheap for so pretty a one; and how well it becomes you."

Miss Honeysuckle—"Papa, I believe you are getting ready to tell me that I can't go to Saratoga this summer."—The Jury.

Wash Day.

"Bridget, did you put the clothes in soak?"

"Oi did not; did you want me to?"

"Why, certainly."

"Very wull, mum."

Two hours later—"Oi put 'em in soak, mum, bud the parrot-nose av a pawn-broker wud give me only chew dollars on the whole outfit. Here be the money, m'm, an' it's sorry Oi am that ye bees so harrud up."—Peck's Sun.



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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



The Sea King, at Palmer's Theatre, continues to draw large houses. There are many good things in the opera, and a successful season will no doubt be the result of the engagement.

At the Broadway Theatre De Wolf Hopper, the funniest comedian in America, continues his success as the Judge, in Castles in the Air. He is one of the few real successes of the season.

Since the Old Homestead has left New York, the Eden Musee attracts more out-of-town people than any two shows in New York. The music by the Hungarian band, the wax works, Yank Hoe and Omene, and the many other novelties make it a delightful resort in which to while away a spare hour or two.

Richard Mansfield has no equal as a summer attraction. The immense numbers that flock to the Madison Square Theatre to see his finished portrayal of Beau Brummel have never been equaled by a summer attraction. The reputation the house has for being a remarkably cool one possibly assists the star in filling the house.

Sir Arthur Sullivan had a curious experience on the night of the debut of Miss Leonore Snyder as Gionetta in The Gondoliers. He strolled into the back of the dress circle about the time of Gionetta's first entrance, and as he was anxiously watching Miss Snyder he unconsciously "hummed" her part aloud. One or two indignant glances were cast around without any effect on the composer, and at last a gentleman near observed angrily: "I have paid my money, sir, to hear Sir Arthur Sullivan's music—not yours." Sir Arthur, it is added, highly approved of his interruption.

When Dixey was doing his famous run at the Bijou in New York he had a charming little home uptown, says the New York Journal. Mrs. Dixey had bought a fine painting and hung it over the mantel in the front drawing-room. That night Mr. Dixey, returning late from the theatre, brought with him a small company of boon companions for "a quiet nightcap," whatever that may be. Finding the house all dark, Dixey proceeded to illuminate the drawing-room, and the first thing he did was to draw a match across that new oil painting. The course of the match across that picture looked like the trail of a demon's tail. There was little revelry in the Dixey mansion that night. Speaking of it subsequently Dixey said: "My remorse over my carelessness was tempered somewhat by the recollection that Mrs. Dixey was only four feet tall."

A Charming Time.

"You've been on a visit to your sister, I hear, Mrs. Dooley."

"Yes, I've been to see her for the first time in seven years."

"Have a nice time?"

"Oh, dear, yes; I had a delightful time. She had a new dress to make; the baby cut four teeth, and one of the neighbors had a brass band funeral while I was there. Everything was charming."—The Ram's Horn.

Smart Weed and Belladonna, combined with the other ingredients used in the best porous plasters, make Carter's S. W. & B. Backache Plasters the best in the market. Price 25 cents.

Light and Health.

Most persons would say that the outside light is two or three times as strong as that within our houses. But the ratio of difference is vastly greater. Carefully prepared tables show that for a view at the seashore, comprising sea and sky mainly (with a lens and plate of a certain speed), an exposure of one-tenth of a second is sufficient. An open landscape away from the sea would, with the same lens, the same aperture and the same plate, require one-third of a second. A fairly-lighted interior would require two and a half minutes, while a badly-lighted interior, such as rooms which most ladies prefer to occupy, would require half an hour to obtain an equally good picture. In other words, patients strolling on the seashore in sunny weather are in a light not two or three times, but twenty thousand times stronger than that in the ordinary shaded and curtained rooms of a city house; and the same patients walking along the sunny side of a street are receiving more than five thousand times as much of the health-giving influence of light as they would receive indoors in the usually heavily-curtained rooms.—Health.

Queen Victoria's Genealogy.

Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, is the niece of William IV., who was the brother of George IV., who was the son of George III., who was the grandson of George II., who was the son of George I., who was the cousin of Queen Anne, who was the sister-in-law of William III., who was the son-in-law of James II., who was the brother of Charles II., who was the son of Charles I., who was the son of James I., who was the cousin of Elizabeth, who was the sister of Mary, who was the sister of Edward IV., who was the son of Henry VIII., who was the son of Henry VII., who was the cousin of Richard III., who was the uncle of Edward V., who was the son of Edward IV., who was the cousin of Henry VI., who was the son of Henry V., who was the cousin of Richard II., who was the grandson of Edward III., who was the son of Edward II., who was the son of Edward I., who was the son of John, who was the brother of Richard I., who was the son of Henry II., who was the cousin of Stephen, who was the cousin of Henry I., who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William the Conqueror. Thus Queen Victoria can trace her ancestors back to about eight hundred years ago. It is the oldest reigning dynasty in the world.—Exchange.

Light at Last.

"What sort of a reputation has he for honesty?"

"For what?"

"For honesty."

"What's that?"

"Do you mean to tell me, you blockhead, that you don't know what honesty is?"

"Never heard of it before. What is it?"

"What do you do for a living?"

"I drive a coal cart."

"That explains it; you may go."—The Ram's Horn.

Kick the Donkey.

"I don't like that Fledgely fellow."

"Why?"

"He called me an old donkey the other night."

"He did? Why didn't you kick him? Any kind of a donkey could do that at least."—Exchange.

Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

Dangerous Sweets.

The British Medical Journal says: Mr. William Davies, of Peckham, has called our attention to a sweet which seems to us only too likely, if it comes into favor with bachelor uncles and other dispensers of "lollipops," to cause a large increase in infantile mortality. It consists of a hollow truncated cone made of iced sugar; so far it is presumably neither better nor worse than the thousands of similar indigestible preparations which work such havoc in nurseries. Latet anguis in herba, in the shape of a tin whistle inside the sweet, which appears to be ingeniously contrived to choke the confiding infant who may be tempted to keep the delicious morsel in his mouth.

Our correspondent was called to a child, aged one year and nine months, in whose throat such a whistle was said to have stuck. Fortunately it passed into the little patient's stomach and found its way out of the body by the natural passages on the third day without doing much damage. Such a happy deliverance cannot, however, be looked for in every case, and we deem it our duty, especially now that confectioners and toy-makers are racking their invention in the production "novelties," to raise a note of warning as to the criminal recklessness of making sweets and playthings for young children of materials noxious in themselves or made attractive by poisonous colors, or, as in the present case, with parts which may easily become detached and fall into the windpipe or stick in the œsophagus.

A Misapprehension.

"How cool she is!" exclaimed Mr. Kajones admiringly, as he watched the daring female trapeze performer at the circus.

"Yes," snapped Mrs. Kajones, as she vigorously wielded a big palm-leaf fan. "Almost anybody could be cool who didn't have any more of a costume on than she has."—Somerville Journal.

GOT HIS MONEY.

Milton Mays in Possession of Solid Cash for His Louisiana State Lottery Ticket.

A reporter of the *Inquirer* dropped into the Farmers and Traders Bank yesterday morning and learned from the cashier that the cash had been forwarded for one-twentieth of ticket No. 45,350, which drew the first capital prize of \$300,000 in the drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery on the 13th instant.

Being fully assured by the cashier that the \$15,000 was actually deposited in the bank, the reporter started out to interview Milton Mays, the owner. He was found with his wagon and team on a side street awaiting an order to haul a load of coal or ashes.

"Doubtless you can now tell us something of the feelings of a rich man as well as those of a poor one, Milt," said the reporter.

"No, sir, I have never felt the difference."

"Did you ever own a ticket before?"

"No, sir. It was my first. I had done a good day's work and while stopping in off my wagon for a glass of beer, concluded I would throw away one dollar on the lottery. The tickets were placed before me, and I picked out the brightest in my eye."

"What have you done with the money?"

"One-half, \$7,500 is deposited to my credit in the bank, the other half is held in the hands of the bank by an injunction sworn out by a fellow who claims to have been a partner with me."

"What will you do with the money?"

"Part of it will go for a home, part for a better team, and the rest will be safely invested. I know how to haul coal and ashes and will not change my business."

Just then a colored citizen came up to pay his respects to the wealthy colored man, and the reporter withdrew.—*Owensboro* (Ky.) *Inquirer*, May 25.

It May Happen Some Day.

Amy—"Clara, what is the title of your graduation essay?"

Clara—"Filial Duty."

"Is it finished?"

"No. I have been so busy helping mother with her household duties, and waiting on father, who is sick, that I haven't been able to write a line this week, but I hope to finish it in time for commencement."

(It sometimes happens that way, notwithstanding the jokes of the newspaper humorist.)—Exchange.

He Didn't Propose.

He—"Before proposing, Miss Lulu, I wish to know if you have anything in the bank."

She—"Yes, Mr. Poorman, I have a lover there. He is the cashier, sir, and we are to marry next week."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



The American Journal of Photography for June contains much valuable information for amateurs. The illustrations are very fine.

The Cosmopolitan is beautifully illustrated from the first to the last paper. High Life in Persia; The fourth stage of Miss Bisland's Flying Trip Around the World; Court Life at Versailles; American Society; Trout Fishing in Lake Edward; Trapping a Grizzly; A Review of Current Events, by Murat Halstead; Social Problems, by Edward Everett Hale, etc., etc.

St. Nicholas contains the usual amount of charming papers, with attractive illustrations. The Baby, a Prisoner of War, by Margaret Forster Owen, illustrated by H. A. Ogden; one of the pictures is the full-page frontispiece; the continuations of the serials, Lady Jane, Crowded Out o' Crowfield; the fourth paper on Six Years in the Wilds of Africa; How to Sail a Boat, etc., etc.

The July Wide Awake gives the young people the fun and the sentiment of the month. Independence celebrations and patriotic reminiscences abound from beginning to end. The frontispiece illustrates The Little Fifer, a true story, by Helen M. Winslow, of a little lad of '76, who was missing from his home in Shirley, Mass., and turned up in Washington's camp, where his father found him at last. The rest of the papers are of equal interest.

The Century has an article on the South of France, Avignon Ninus, Arles, etc., entitled A Provincial Pilgrimage, by Miss Harriet Preston, illustrated by Pennell; John Burrows has an interesting paper entitled A Taste of Kentucky Blue Grass; Miss Viola Roseboro, author of The Last Marchbanks, has a story entitled The Reign of Reason; Joseph Jefferson has more to say of the famous play of Rip Van Winkle. He tells how he came to have Boucicault help him with the version that is now such a success. In the same number he describes his experiences in South America.

The Atlantic opens with a new serial called Felicia, by Miss Fanny Murfree, sister to Charles Egbert Craddock; The Town Poor, by Sarah Orme Jewett; a continuation of the story Sidney, by Mrs. Deland. James Russell Lowell's lines, In a Volume of Sir Thomas Browne, and some verses on Wendell Phillips represent the poetry, and there is also some charming verse at the end of Dr. Holmes' Over the Teacups. In short, the Atlantic, as usual, contributes something of real value to the questions of the day, and does not neglect those lighter forms of literature which adapt it for the summer holiday time.

Harper's July number opens with a frontispiece, Taking Leave of the Lyric Muse, an illustration of Mr. Aldrich's Poem, Thalia, which follows the second installment of Port Tarascon, by Alphonse Daudet, translated by Henry James. It has twenty-four illustrations. A Famous Chapbrook Villain, by Howard Pyle, is the story of Jonathan Wild, the most notorious of thief-takers; a pathetic story by Mary E. Wilkins, entitled A Poetess; Some Colonial and Revolutionary Letters; The Moonlighters of County Clare; Architecture and De-

mocracy; Social Life at Oxford; Texan Types and Contrasts; Baltic Russia, and other interesting papers. The editorial departments are of more than usual excellence.

Scribner's is replete with fresh, readable papers by the most popular authors. E. L. Godkin, editor of the Evening Post, has an article on the Rights of the Citizen to His Own Reputation; Robert Louis Stevenson has a poem on The House of Tembinoka; Bruce Price, the well-known architect, has an article on The Suburban House; a short story of the Elizabethan period, entitled Under Five Shillings, by Octave Thanet, is admirably written; The Last Slave Ship, by George Howe, Esq.; Duffield Osborne has an article on Surf Bathing; the anonymous serial, Jerry, contains many striking pictures of life in a Western town. It is a question hard to determine whether the story, which abounds in strong emotional and dramatic situations, was written by a man or woman.

Going to Bed With a Preacher and Dreaming.

One time there wuz a feller over yander in Kaintuck who went north en' bought up a heapin, big passel o' mules, which it was his idee to take back down hyar en' sell. One night he kem to a place whar a widder woman wuz a-livin', whilst he war on his way back with his mules; en' he axed the widder, ez hers wuz the only house nigh about, ef he could get a night's lodgin' thar. The widder she said she didn't hev no room; she was boordin' "the rider" jes' then en' her house warn't longways too big no-how. Well, the feller lowed he was thet tired en' done up thet he believed if she'd no 'bjections ez he'd sleep 'ith the preacher, sooner'n lay out 'ith the mules en' th' drivers. The widder fixed it up, en' arter the feller had eat supper en' looked arter his stock he lowed he'd turn in.

The preacher was jis' goin' to bed then, en' he says t' the feller, says he:

"My friend, endure the night en' longwhiles o' my sleep sometimes I'm given to makin' gesters, me a-dreamin', ye know, that I'm a-preachin'. Ef this bothers ye," says he, "why, I hopes ye'll not feel hard o' me."

The feller says thet wuz all right; he warn't goin' t' make no racket 'bout a little thing like that. So he hung his blacksnake whoop up cluss t' the bed en' turned in. (The preacher was a hard un; the drover see thet by his eye.) 'Twarn't long 'fore the preacher riz up in bed, en' sorter lowed to himself ez he b'lieved he'd hev some fun. So he 'gun to preachin' en' a 'zortin'.

"Oh, ye pervarse children of Isrylah! Come out'n Egypt-ah! [Blip!—he tuck the feller in the stomach.] Gether yoreselves together-ah [blip!] en' march fo'th to the glory of the Lawd-ah [bang!]. Remember now thy Creator-ah in the days of thy youth [whack!], while thy evil days come not-ah, en' the years draw nigh-ah [blip!] when thou shalt say, truly, I hev no pleasure in them [blap!]."

That las' lick hit the drover on the nose en' mighty nigh kilt him. Yit he didn't raise no racket.

The preacher settled back toreckly en' war soon snorin' away like all possessed. 'Bout thet time the mule driver retched over with his right hand en' tuck down his blacksnake. Then he grupped the preacher by his hart en' swung 'im clean out'n the bed, a-curlin that whoop around his legs en' hollerin' of like he war a-yellin' at a mule: "Come in hyar, Jack, ye triflin' fool! Come in hyar, I say! Come in hyar, Jack!"

Then the preacher lowed he'd call the dream business square and cry quits. And they both settled down for a sleep. —Smoky Mountain Lore,

He Owns an Island.

The Colonies and India says: "J. J. Francis, Q. C., of Hong Kong, can be, like Defoe's immortal creation, monarch of all he surveys when he lands upon the island of Balambangan, off the coast of North Borneo. The island was conceded to Mr. Francis during a holiday visit which that gentleman paid to Borneo last year, and is described as being close upon fifty miles in circumference, and lying about ten or eleven miles off the extreme northern point of Borneo. It is 150 miles from the port of Sandakan, and has no inhabitants nor any trace of any. The northern half of the island is a sandy plain, well suited for pasturing cattle or for cocoanut planting.

"The other side consists of a dense jungle of large trees, something after the style of the dark forest which so impeded Mr. Stanley in his last journey across Africa. The shore, as is common in the tropics, is fringed with mangroves. There is an abundance of fine limestone on the hills, the highest of which reaches over 400 feet, and in the valleys is soil evidently very suitable for coffee planting. There are two good harbors. Wild cattle are apparently abundant, and there are three species of deer and plenty of wild pigs, but no crocodiles. So far Mr. Francis has formed no definite idea as to what he shall do with Balambangan, but he intends to send a competent man down to examine and report upon the place."

Justice Waiting Outside.

Doctor Tanner tells a story on a circus follower whom he met on his travels in the past. The "grafter" in question was arrested for stealing a silver watch from a canvasser, and was duly tried before a Justice of the Peace and acquitted. When the crowd had gone the magistrate saw the former prisoner still sitting furtively watching the door.

"Ah, my good man," said he, "the law has found you to be innocent. Why don't you go?"

"Go! go!" gasped the "grafter." With that big, strong-arm guy that I swiped the watch from laying for me outside? I guess not; I'll stay here as long as he does." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE GREATEST SHORT STOP IN THE WORLD!

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF, applied externally, instantly stops all pains, whether arising from Colds, Sprains, Bruises, or any cause whatever. Stops Cramps, Stops Neuralgia, Stops Rheumatism, Stops Headache, Stops Toothache, Stops Lumbago, Stops Sciatica, Stops Backache, Stops Pains in the Chest, &c. Internally, a half of a teaspoonful in a half tumbler of water, and applied according to printed directions.

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Dr. RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Jury System.

Bridget—"An' how do yes loike bein' on th' jury, Patrick?"

Patrick—"It's some'at confin'in', Bridget."

Bridget—"An' is it harrud worrick?"

Patrick—"Wull, it's aisy enough decidin' phich soide is roight phin only wan is Oirish; but it's harrud worrick decidin' phin both soids is Oirish."—Truth.

WHEN THE HAIR

Shows signs of falling, begin at once the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

"We have no hesitation in pronouncing Ayer's Hair Vigor unequalled for dressing the hair, and we do this after long experience in its use. This preparation preserves the hair, cures dandruff and all diseases of the scalp, makes rough and brittle hair soft and pliant, and prevents baldness. While it is not a dye, those who have used the Vigor say it will stimulate the roots and color-glands of faded, gray, light, and red hair, changing the color to

A Rich Brown

or even black. It will not soil the pillow-case nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. All the dirty, gummy hair preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go around with heads looking like 'the fretful porcupine' should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor."—The Sunny South, Atlanta Ga.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is excellent for the hair. It stimulates the growth, cures baldness, restores the natural color, cleanses the scalp, prevents dandruff, and is a good dressing. We know that Ayer's Hair Vigor differs from most hair tonics and similar preparations, it being perfectly harmless."—From Economical Housekeeping, by Eliza R. Parker.

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VERSES NEW AND OLD.

YANKEE VIEW OF A BRITISH POET.



I've been a-readin' Brownin'; our schoolmarm said he writ

The tallest kin' er poetry the worl's diskivered yet; Now I like poetry better'n pie or any kin' er sass, An' hanker for't like winter cows a-hankerin' for grass.

I took the book down to the brook; sez I, "I'll hev it rich;

I'll soak myself in poetry an' sentiment, an' sich; The brook'll kinder keep in tune, the bobolink an' birds Will sing their song, an' keep time with this great poet's words."

An' so I started in to read; 'twas just like ridin' roun'

In a big bumpin' dingle cart right over new-plowed groun';

An' now an' then the ex 'ud break, an' down you'd go kerflop,

Then two or three more wheels 'ud bust, and then the hoss 'ud stop.

An' then he'd start off on a rush, an' go a-whirlin' roun';

Sometimes the cart wuz sideways, an' sometimes upside down;

An' then there'd come an awful jolt, a kinder crazy crash,

An' fust ye'd know the dingle cart 'ud bust an' go to smash.

I s'pose that's w'en the poem stopped; I didn't read no more;

My bones wuz mixed permiscus-like an' all my j'int's wuz sore;

The bobolink flew up a tree, an' never raised a yip, An' I went home, an' thirteen weeks wuz laid up with the grip

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

POSSIBLE PARADOXES.

A good author is sometimes very poor.
A tall man is sometimes very short.
A white man is sometimes very green.
A blue book is sometimes read.
A tenderloin steak is sometimes very tough.
A lawyer is sometimes an honest man.

—Munsey's Weekly.

THE ICELAND MOTHER'S LULLABY.

Under the Igeloe's arching roof
In the oil light's shuddering glow,
An Iceland mother sits and croons,
In measures weird and slow,
This lullaby to her baby Jo:

Swing out over the snow,
Spirit of my baby Jo;
Swing out into the night,
Into the glow of the northern light,
Spirit of my baby Jo.

Swing low stars above
And touch the eyes of my baby love,
That he may see as he wanders far
Into the land of the golden star,
The mountains of ice and valleys of snow,
Where beautiful flowers and grasses grow
About the feet of my baby Jo.

Shoo, shoo, swing low,
Swing out over the snow,
Spirit of my baby Jo.

—Thos. B. Holmes, in Sonoma Valley Whistle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

The Last Ditch.

In a Jefferson avenue stairway, directly back of a fruit stand, a man and a woman sat on a step yesterday. He had several bananas and oranges on his knees, and a policeman who halted to mop his heated brow was led to remark:

"Well, old man, you seem to be having a good time."

"Yum!" was the reply, as he buried his nose in another orange.

"Are you his wife?" was asked of the woman.

"Yes."

"And you don't like fruit?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then what kind of a game is he playing?"

"We are in on the excursion," she explained. "He got mad and I got mad. He says I've got to eat dirt first. I've said I won't and I won't. He thinks he'll bring me to time."

"Sass!" growled the husband, as he gnawed close to the rind."

"I'll never give in!"

"More sass!"

"I don't care! I figured on this and came fixed for it!"

And she slipped off her shoe, took a Canadian quarter out of it, and beckoning to the fruit man she said,

"Oranges, bananas, peanuts, taffy and lemonade! We'll see who bosses this job before I get through! Got a whole dollar back of this, and if that isn't enough I'll pawn my parasol for more!"

And as the officer walked on the husband was ripping the veneering off his third banana, and the wife had bitten the broadside out of a nickel-plated orange.

—Detroit Free Press.

Kissing and Other Things.

Among the letters sent here anent the question I asked, as to whether it is true that ladies sit on the knees of their beaux in New York (as we know they too often do in the country), is one from a born New Yorker, who not only insists that the custom never took root here, but adds that, "except in very high or very low life, there is very little kissing before engagements for marriage." He says that he was not certain about it, but happening to mention the subject at a whist club of half a dozen married couples, it turned out that not one of the women had been kissed until her troth was plighted. A funny incident marked the discussion, according to my informant. One of the men had a loose memory.

"We used to kiss sometimes, didn't we?" he said to his wife. "No, sir," she said, with deep indignation, "you never kissed me until after we were engaged; you tried to and you fought for the privilege, but you never succeeded."

"Is that so?" the husband remarked. "I've kissed so many—"

"What's that? What do you say?" the wife asked.

"I say," said the husband, "I have kissed you so many times that I can't remember when I began.—Chatter."

Hunting the Kangaroo.

When brought to bay the kangaroo jumps like a flash for a hunter's chest, and tries to crush it in with his fore-feet. To prevent this each man wears across his breast a two or three inch thick matting. Armed with a spear, with a club attachment at the other end, they ride upon swift horses into a herd.

With the agility and equipoise of circus riders, they stand erect upon their horses and use their spears and clubs. The kangaroo is able to jump clear over a horse. As the game is bagged it is skinned, and the skin is stretched on the ground and pegged down to prevent shrinkage. The flesh furnishes meat for the camp.

Each man places his private mark upon his booty, and when they have too skins apiece they return back to civilization. There are twenty varieties of kangaroo, among them the blue, red, Wallaby, black, gray and forester, the latter furnishing the best leather, as it lives mainly in wooded sections.

When the shipping ports are reached the hunters dispose of the skins by auction to the highest bidders, the skins being now in constant demand. Kangaroo hunters make large profits. One man is known to have cleared \$4,500, free of living expenses, in a single year.—New York Journal.

Miss Rose in Luck.

Looking out from my window in a room at the hotel at Goldsboro', I saw a young colored man conversing in a tender way with a dusky maiden, but all of a sudden the girl turned and ran away. A moment later a second colored youth hove in sight, and the two stood glaring at each other across ten feet of space. Finally the one who was on the ground first huskily demanded:

"What yo' want?"

"I wants yo' life!" was the stern reply.

"Hu!"

"Look out, boy! Doan' yo' 'hu' at me!"

"An' doan' yo' talk 'bout takin' my life!"

"Who is you, sah?"

"An' who's you?"

"Who is I, sah? I'ze de gem'lan who is payin' his 'tenshuns to Miss Rose."

"An' I'ze de gem'lan g'wine to marry her."

"Hu!"

"Hu!"

"Boy, I'll broke yo' head!"

"An' I'll smash ye all to pizen!"

They walked around each other for a time, seeming about to spring, but suddenly both stopped, and number two said:

"Boy, I'll wait fur yo'!"

"I'ze right yere!"

"Doan' you forgit dat I'll wait fur yo'! I'll wait 'til yo' is married an' hev fo' chillen, an' den, when yo' has forgot all about it, I'll steal into de cabin some night an' —!"

"Heah, yo' niggers, what yo' doin' out dar' when dar's work a-pressin'?" called the head cook from the kitchen door, and both were out of sight in five seconds.

Then I heard the same voice growling:

"If dem boys doan' misbehave mo' onery, I shan't inwite 'em to see me marry Miss Rose, Thursday evenin'."—

New York Sun.

Cure for the Deaf.

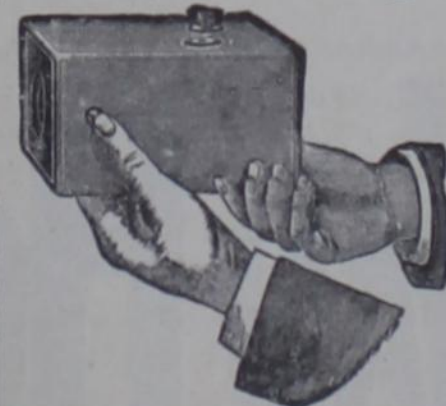
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Not Figuratively Speaking, Either.

Tenderfoot—"Say, Mister, how far does your claim extend?"

Squatter—"As fur as I kin shoot."—Yankee Blade.

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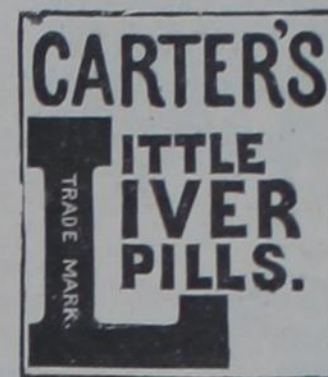
THE EASTMAN COMPANY,

Send for Catalogue.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"I do my best work at night," said a newspaper man.

"So do I," remarked a burglar, who overheard.—Yankee Blade.



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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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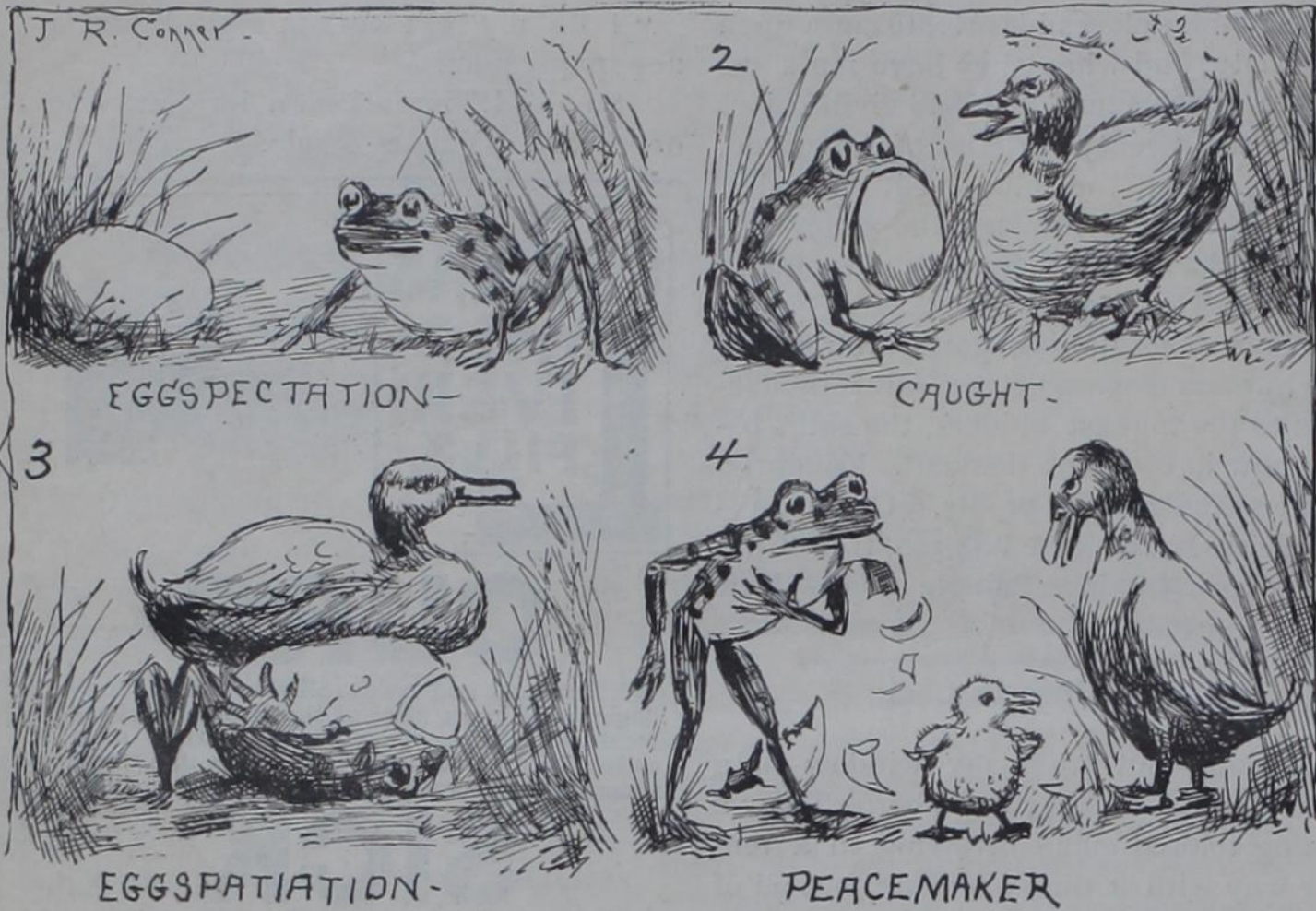
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The Fakir Did It.

One day, after the editor of the Weekly Banner and Home Journal had returned to the office from a trip around the village, he announced to me that the paper would suspend with that issue. I was an apprentice at \$2 per week and "found," and he was in debt to me and everybody else, and could raise no more subscriptions or advertising. We were discussing the gloomy outlook when a young man with a hawk eye and a thin nose came bustling in. That he was down on his luck could easily be told at a glance, but that he was discouraged was not so clear.

"I want two or three days credit for a little printing," he promptly announced. "You can't have it," growled the editor.

The young man was turning away, seeming not at all discouraged, when the editor asked:

"Who are you?"

"A fakir."

"What's that?"

"A man who travels and lives by his wits."

"Well, you've hit the wrong town. You couldn't raise a quarter here in a week's talking. I've worked like a jack-ass for a year to establish this paper, and she busts this week."

"My friend," said the stranger, as he sat down, "let's go pards."

"How?"

"You print me some labels and dodgers, and I'll do the selling and we'll whack up."

"What have you got?"

"A liver tonic."

"No good."

"Best thing in the world. How many people have you got here?"

"Twelve hundred."

"Then I'll sell 1,200 bottles of my South American Liver Invigorator at \$1 a bottle."

After some further talk the editor agreed to the partnership. I went to the drug stores and found 100 bottles of a certain size. One thousand more were telegraphed for at Pittsburg to come C. O. D. We got up a label, got out 500 dodgers and the "Invigorator" was made at the editor's house. It was a mixture of water, molasses, ginger and whisky, and cost about four cents a bottle. When all was ready the fakir went out on the street, I circulated the dodgers and the editor gave him a page advertisement in what we thought would be the last issue. Can you guess what that chap did in seventeen days? He made, bottled and sold 2,900 bottles of that "Invigorator," working two other villages besides our town. In the making and bottling he had three or four to help, but he did all the selling alone. Children cried for it, and old

chaps who had forgotten that they ever had a liver bought two bottles, and then came back for a third one. I saw \$1,400 counted down on the imposing stone for our editor, and he very kindly handed me my back salary and a present of \$50. It was a godsend to him, for he squared up, the paper went on, and to-day it is one of the liveliest small dailies in the State of Ohio.—New York Sun.

More Than He Bargained For.

"Well," said the merchant to the young clerk whom he had sent out collecting, "did you have any luck?"

"Some."

"I suppose you got the amount Mr. Fotherington owes? You said he was a personal friend of yours."

"No, I didn't get the money; the fact is, I don't exactly know what to make of my experience there."

"How was it?"

"I went in and said, 'Mr. Fotherington, I called to speak about a matter—I didn't get any further, when he put in with, 'That's all right, my boy; she's yours; take her and be happy.'"—Washington Post.

No Land on which the Sun Shines

Possesses greater natural advantages than our own, but there are portions of the great grain-bearing West and fertile South, where atmospheric influences prejudicial to health militate against them, in some degree, as places of residence. Heavy rain-falls and the overflow of great rivers, which upon their subsidence leave dank vegetation exposed to the rays of the sun, there beget malarial fevers, and there also the inhabitants are periodically obliged to use some medicinal safeguard against the scourge. The most popular is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a preventive that has for over a third of a century afforded reliable protection to those whom experience in the futility of ordinary remedies for fever and ague, has taught to substitute for them. Whether intermittent or remittent, miasmatic fevers are conquered and averted by the superb anti-periodic and fortifying medicine as they are by no other preparation in use. Use it, and abandon impure local bitters.

Slightly Inconsistent.

Farmer (on the banks of the Missouri)—"Darn it all, the river has washed away my best patch of wheat! It's with out exception the dirtiest, snaggiest, and meanest stream on earth!"

Same Farmer (on a visit to New York)—"Yes, siree, I live right on the banks of the noble Missouri! It's without exception the grandest and most magnificent stream on earth!"—The Epoch.

Golden Grains.

He who can feel ashamed will not readily do wrong.

He who wrongs his fellow-man, even in a small coin, is as wicked as if he should take life.

Who gives charity in secret is greater than Moses.

Look not at a jug, but at its contents. A new jug may contain old wine, an old one may be empty.

Receive every man with a cheerful countenance.

The thief who finds no opportunity to steal considers himself an honest man.

Despise no man; deem nothing impossible. Every man has his hour, and everything has its place.

Cat and rat make peace over a carcass.

When thou art the only purchaser, then buy; when other buyers are present be thou nobody.

The woman of sixty will run after music like one of six.

What a child talks in the street, that it has heard from its parents in the house.

Do not live near a pious fool.

The rose grows among thorns.

A woman prefers poverty with the affection of her husband to riches without it.—Talmud.

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Good morning Have you used PEARS' SOAP?

"How easily a baby is amused!"
"Yes. Why, I spent an hour opening and shutting the register for Johnny this morning, and he cried when I stopped."
—Harper's Bazar.

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Pistol Grip Stock, Patent Fore-End Fastening, Double Bolt. Insist upon getting the "Champion." If your dealer hasn't it, send to us. Plain STEEL BARRELS. Imported TWIST BARRELS. 12 Bore, \$11.25. . . . \$13.50. 10 Bore, 12.00. . . . 14.25. Sent C.O.D. on receipt of \$5 to guarantee express charges.



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